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MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
New York, N. Y.

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MARCH, 1922

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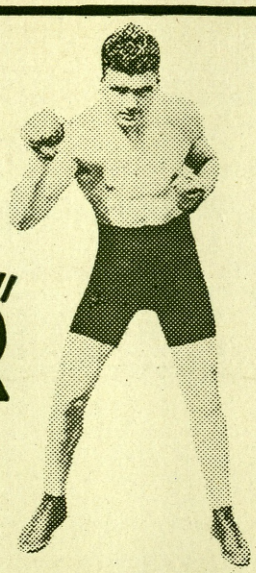

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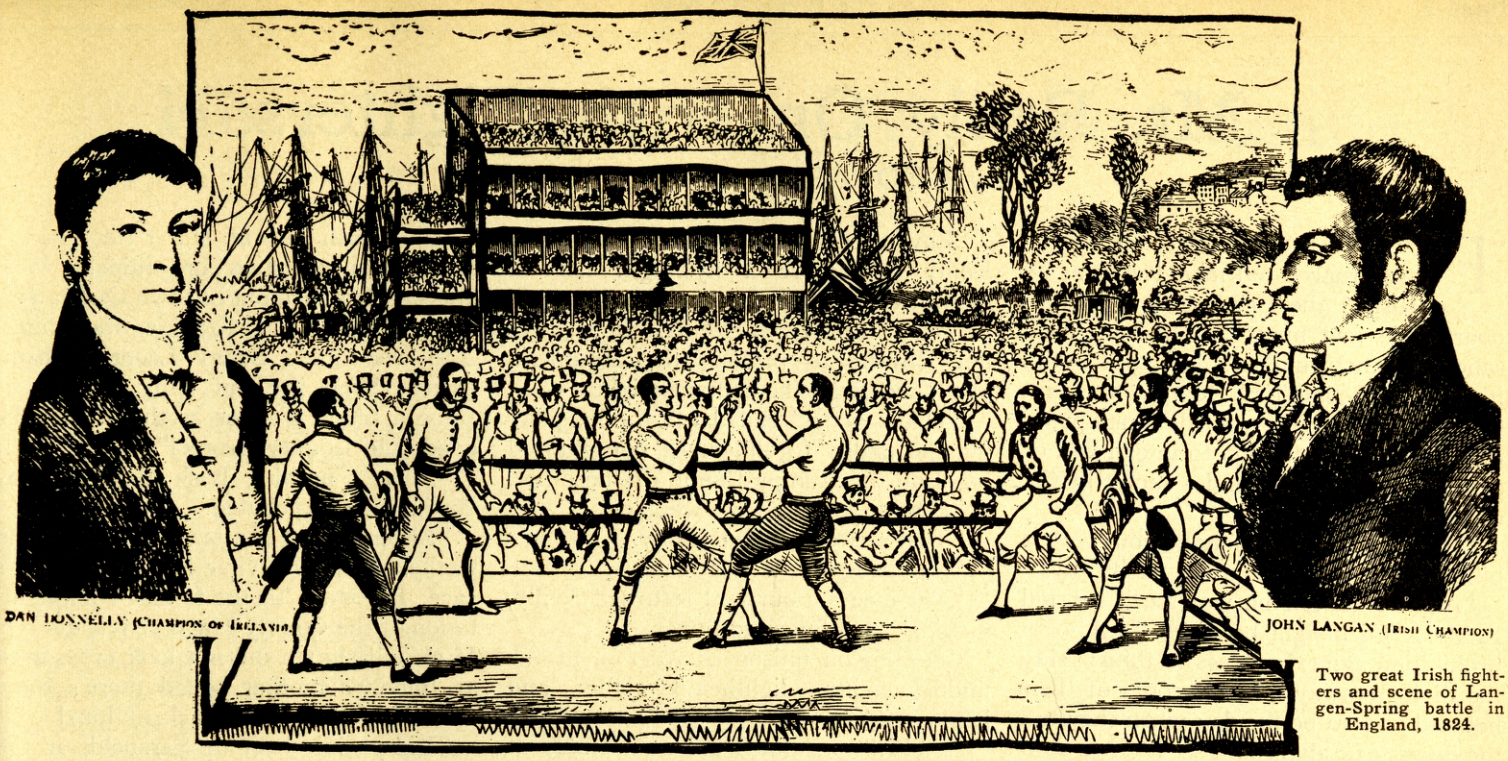

Two great Irish fighters and scene of Langen-Spring battle in England, 1824.

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Mr. Reilly On Irish Fighters

By GEORGE R. UNDERWOOD

"FAUGH-A-BALLAGH—Clear the way" roared old man Reilly as he brushed the Cerebus at the office door aside and burst into the editorial sanctum sanctorum. "Glory be! Oim in at last! Bedad 'tis harder for a dacint Oirishman to git into your dommed paper than it is for a rich mon to inter hivin or a Black an' Tan to attind a sacret matin' of the Shinn Fayne!"

"They must have thought you were a bill collector," we remarked pacifically.

"An' Oi moight be wor-rse!" snorted Reilly. "Oi moight be an A. P. A. or a prohibition agint, bad cess to thim! May the divil fly away wit' the roofs of their houses! Sorra be the day when they tuk the desert of Sahary and set it down atop the good old U. S. A.! Begorrah prohibition covers us like a shate over the corpse!"

Time was precious and before old man Reilly could get wound up rightly on his pet aversion we broke in with, "it is a fine day Mr. Reilly and we're mighty glad to see you. What can we do for you?"

"Yez can do me for nothin' me foine spalpeen," snapped Reilly, mistaking our proffer. "But are ye the gosoon who wrote in the paper that the Jews is drivin' the Oirish out of the Foight game?"

"No, Mr. Reilly," we replied, "I can't own up to that. But I'll put in a piece to that effect if it will please you."

"Whir-r-o-o-o! whooped old man Reilly. "If it will plaze me? If it will plaze me! Go ahead an' write it, me bould bucko. Go ahead an' put it in the papher—if ye want to start a war! Begorrah if yez do Oi'll come down here and make this place look like Drogheda after the massacr-r-e!"

"But now that you mention it," we remarked nonchalantly, "Doesn't it seem as if the Irish were losing ground in the squared circle?"

"The ignir-r-ance of ye is amazin'" fumed old man Reilly. "Bedad Oi was always told they made a man sphortin' idioter because he knew less about sphort than anyone ilse. Now Oi know ut. 'Tis as plane as the nose on Abe Attell's face an' as apparent as the beauty of Kid Broad!"

Old man Reilly paused for breath and affixed us with a baneful glare. Silent for the once he quickly resumed.

"'Tis a hear-r-rtless task, but I will eloocidate. I will be askin' of ye as a starr-rter, how many classes are there in boxing?"

"Let's see," we replied, "There's flyweight—"

"Lave the flyweights out!" commanded Reilly. "Shur-re a flyweight isn't a mon at-all-at-all. He's only an insect!"

"Suit yourself, Mr. Reilly," we replied, not wishing to prolong the argument. We'll start with the bantamweights—"

"That's wan!" called off Reilly, placing the pudgy forefinger of one gnarled hand on the stumpy thumb of the other.

"Featherweights" we went on.

"That's two!" called Reilly.

"Lightweights, welterweights—"

"Thr-e-ee! Four-r-r! returned Reilly, moving from finger to finger.

Counting in unison as we ran off the middleweights, lightheavyweights and heavyweights.

"Sivin!" exclaimed old man Reilly at the end. "Sivin champeens! And how many of these sivin champeens are Oirish? Begorrah there's foor. There's Kilbane, an' Britton, an' Tunney, an' Dimpsey—him being king o' the roost. Four Oirishmen among the sivin world's champeens! Shur-re an' that spakes moighty well for the Ould Dart.

"There's more than wan hundred nations in this wur-ruld," went on Reilly, "yit more than half the champeens in this wur-ruld are Oirish. What cud be more fairer than that?

"Whis-s-st, me bucko an' who is prissin' closest to Johnny Wilson, that divil of a dago—may he nivir see the back of his neck—who sthole the middleweight title away from our bould Mike O'Dowd? Shur-re, 'tis our old friend Moike McTague. Begorrah, Wilson is dustin' round the country like the divil through Athlone wit McTague hot on his heels. Begorrah, if McTague don't catch him Mike Gibbons or Bryan Downey will!

"An Britton? Shur-re ye say the ould boy is shlippin' and is headin' for a batin'. Bedad an' who will ut be that will bate him? Who ilse but such comin' lads as Micky Walker and Dave Shade, who's roight name is Shay, an' a good Donegal name ut is.

"An Kilbane? There's another broth of a b'y who ye sphor-rtin wr-r-riters say is goin' back. Bedad ye've been sayin' that for years. But who, me brave bucko, has licked him? Whin that time comes ye'll find it will be a Kelly, Burke and Shea or an 'O' or a 'Mac.'"

"How about Benny Leonard?" we queried, breaking in on Reilly's wild harangue. "Benny's only real lightweight rivals seems to be two boxers of his own race, Charlie White and Lew Tendler."

"Leonard!" ejaculated old man Reilly. "Leonar-r-d!" he repeated. "Shur-re an' he nivir would have been champeen if ivr-ry Oirish lad in Har-r-rlem hadn't made him practice on thim! Who knocked Leonard out but two Oirish b'ys, Joe Shugrue and Frankie Flemming! And who made Benny Leonard champeen? Who ilse but Billy Gibson, as foine a Shinn Fayner as there is in the good ould County Bronx!"

"There's nothing Irish about Johnny Buff," we interpollated.

"Listen to ye! Listen to ye!" snorted Reilly. "Did ye ivir-r look ut Johnny's face. Begorrah 'tis the foinest r-r-iprisintation of the County Mayo ye ivir did see. If an Oirishman did not look cross-eyed at Johnny's mother bedad there's some other Oirish ancistor back of him!

"Did ye ivir hear of Sarsfield an' the Wild Geese, me lad? Shur-r-e the haroes lift Oireland and flew throughout the wide wur-r-ruld, enriching ivir-ry nation, improvin' ivry race. 'Tis the Oirish that's back of the foightin' min of ivi-r-ry race. Look in their faces! Look in their eyes! Ye'll see!

"Begorrah ould Oireland has furnished the champeens ivir since the days of Cuchulain, Lugh lam Fada, Finn McCool an' Brian Boru! Have ye so soon forgot Dan Donnelly, who crossed the channel in 1819 and bate Tom Oliver, champeen of England, right under the King's own nose an' wit the Quane and her hull coort lookin' on?

"Do ye rimimber Johnny Langan an his gr-r-r-ate foight with Tom Spring? Have ye not heard of the deeds of John Heenan, Ned O'Baldwin and Paddy Ryan? Who will ivir forget John L. Sullivan, Jack Dimpsiy, the Nonpareil Jack McAuliffe, James J. Jeffries, Jim Corbett, Peter-r- Maher-r, Tirry McGoverr-rn—ah, me lad, shure an' Oi have to be as long winded as a talkin' machine to name thim all!

"'Tis a matter-r-r of histhory," solemnly concluded old man Reilly, "that the Oirish always have been champeens.

"What is the reason for it?" we queried of old man Reilly as he slapped on his hat and headed for the door.

"The raison?" he replied. "Shur-r-e an' that's aisy. Bedad when an Oirish lad is born he always come clutchin' a set of boxin' gloves in wan hand an' a punchin' bag in the other!"

And with that Mr. Reilly was gone. But was it any wonder, Abie Rabinowitz, the Jewish office boy, who had been taking it all in, suddenly started whistling The Wearing of The Green, and striding belligerently into the telegraph room boldly threatened to knock the block off Walter—Ryan?

How to Uplift the Wrestling Game

By GEORGE BOTHNER

America's Greatest Wrestling Expert and Referee

I AM not a literary fellow, so I am not certain I can make myself absolutely clear in answering the title question of this article.

But I have a sincere desire to let the sporting public know one thing, at least, and that is that wrestling, given a fair chance, is as good a sport as there is; as good as boxing or baseball or football or any of them. And let me add right here that wrestling is as honest as any of these sports.

A good many folks will question this. But I will stick by it. I have been more than twenty-five years in the game and consider myself qualified to make such a broad statement. Of course I am aware of the fact that many wrestling bouts have been crooked, but so have many boxing bouts been crooked; and haven't we heard of baseball games being thrown?

In the first place wrestling is just what you make it. It can be crooked, or straight. It has been my experience that the mat game has been discriminated against for years. No real efforts have been made to lift it up and to keep it up. Understand that I am not criticising the present State Athletic Commission, which has control of the sport in New York and which Mr. William Muldoon and his able associates comprising the commission have a real desire to do something for wrestling. But I am saying that the same efforts are not being made to foster wrestling that are being made to "up lift" boxing and other sports.

Take the flying fall and rolling fall rule, for instance. It is not a fair rule. It accomplishes just one thing, and nothing more. It makes wrestling a hazardous game for the gamblers to lay their money on. For that accomplishment I am grateful for I know what harm gambling does to sport.

But there is another angle to this rule. It does not eliminate the dishonest wrestler, who, after all, is the gentleman of color in the wood pile.

In fact the flying and rolling falls are aides to his work. Don't let anyone tell you that clever wrestlers can't fake to better advantage with the flying and rolling falls than without them, for they most certainly can.

What, then, can be done to make wrestling popular and above suspicion is a natural question that I have been asked to propound an answer for by the Editor of THE RING?

There is just one answer: Make it a good game.

But how?

Eliminate the dishonest promoters and wrestlers.

Then go back to the pin fall.

Restore the headlock, the toe hold and other holds now barred.

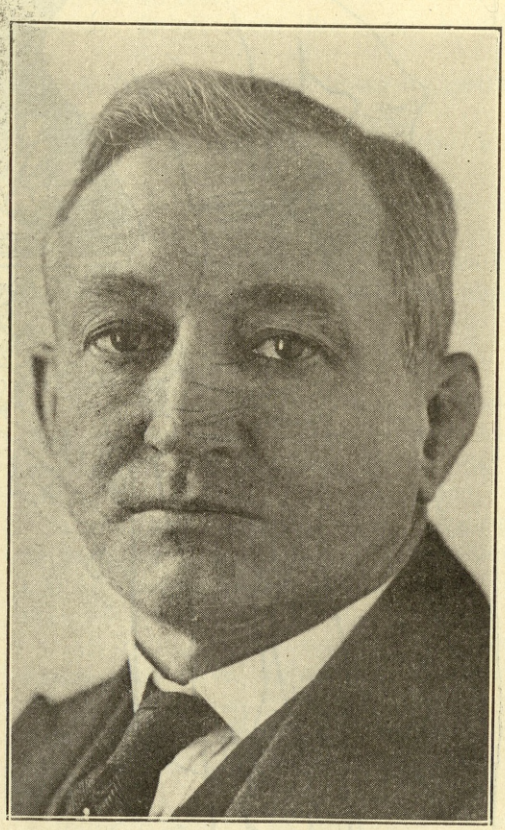
Don't rob a wrestler of his best stock in trade. The public does not want this.

Develop more wrestlers.

Encourage them.

Give the young wrestler some assurance of a "career" on the mat, just as the young boxer has to-day.

Standardize the rules.



George Bothner, America's foremost wrestling referee

Investigate every wrestler and promoter.

Have competent judges and officials.

Then have faith in the game. It is a good game.

Wrestling is interesting and requires the greatest of skill and courage on the part of the grapplers. It is an ancient sport and deserves to be on just as high a plane as boxing, its twin brother.

As an observer I will say that I have noticed for many years that youngsters in clubs have found it harder to advance than have amateur boxers. There seems to be no public interest in amateur wrestling, or club wrestling. This accounts for the dirth of youngsters in the game. In Europe things are different, which accounts for the great number of foreign wrestlers we have.

I have also noticed that the mat game has prospered most in this country under an American champion. We hold the title here now and we must retain it.

One more general observation:

When wrestling is on the boom in New York City it is on the boom throughout the country. In the country most of our young wrestlers are developed. Hence it is up to New York City, through the State Athletic Commission, to give the wrestling game new life.

I make the humble suggestion that the commissioners look upon the game with a more friendly air, put aside their prejudices, and strive to make the game above board. Restore the pin fall, get more honest referees, like John Fleeson, then eliminate the crooks, wrestlers and promoters alike, watch the game closely and, because it is, in the first place, a fine sport, it will survive through its own merits.

Cristafano Domingo Stopped

Cristafano Domingo, known in the Philipines as "Young" Corbett, proved an easy mark for the Sydney boy, Les Waters, on January 2nd, at the Sydney Stadium. Domingo put Waters down for "nine" in the first round and almost had him out. In the 8th round Domingo who was staggering about the ring badly, fell without being hit. He got up at six and again fell, the referee stopping the contest.

A Difference in Micks

Luther McCarty, who at one time laid claim to the championship when Johnson was in universal disfavor, was boxing Al Horton in the old City Hall in Pittsburg. McCarty was a bigger edition of the late Stanley Ketchel, eccentric, picturesque and ever ready to "play to the galleries."

After the announcer introduced him as the "champion," which brought forth a burst of applause from the Smoky City fans, with whom he was very popular, a wag in the gallery yelled out:—

"You're a fine Mick, sporting a name like Luther."

McCarty, who was bowing right and left, heard the remark and shouted back:—

"I'm not from that part of Ireland. I'm a Missouri Mick."

No Fear in the Hearts of Greb or Gibbons

By DAMON RUNYON

This show's gotta be good

FRANK FLOURNOY, the matchmaker of Madison Square Garden, took pencil in hand, and began writing an announcement to the press.

"Harry Greb, of Pittsburgh," he wrote, "will meet Tom Gib—"

Almost before he had completed the second name, it seemed, the telephone in the box office began ringing, and an agitated voice roared:

"I want to make my reservations for that Greb-Gibbons fight!"

Not since the Dempsey-Carpentier bout has a fistic affair created as much interest and excitement as this match between Greb and Gibbons, scheduled for March 13 in the historic old building in Madison Avenue.

It proves that the fistic public knows the boxing game, that it can quickly place the proper valuation on a match. Greb against any other man, Gibbons against any other man, might have drawn well, but they would not have created the commotion that has been going on since the day of the announcement that they were matched.

The bout involves no championship title. No tremendous purse hangs on the result. But it is a meeting that promises first of all a real contest, and second an opponent for Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight champion of the world.

Tom Gibbons, of St. Paul, brother of the redoubtable Mike, has been making amazing marches along the pugilistic line the past year. His prowess obscured for a long time by the glory of the clever Mike, Tom has suddenly become more famous than his brother, and apparently a real championship contender.

He has been bowling over opponents one after the other much after the manner of Jack Dempsey when the Manassa Mauler was making his title drive. In 1921, Gibbons had twenty-five battles, and stopped all but four opponents. He registered fourteen consecutive knockouts. Since the beginning of 1922 he has stopped Pat McCarthy, the Boston light-heavyweight, who seemed to be a most promising fighter.

For a long time it was the fashion in the East to deprecate Tom's accomplishments. They said he was picking "setups." Dempsey was accused of the same thing before he met Jess Willard. The "ring worms" overlook a fact well known to the profession that it is no small task to knock out the veriest "sucker."

Gibbons was accused of dodging tough opponents, although his knockout record includes the names of Hugh Walker, Al Reich, Willie Meehan, Dan O'Dowd, and other pretty fair men.

Then one day early in February he came into New York from Boston en route home after dispatching McCarthy, walked into a newspaper office with his manager, Eddie Kane, and unbosomed himself of his feelings about the accusation.

"My trouble is getting opponents," said Gibbons. "I'm willing to fight any man in the world."

At that very moment a plan was under way to stage a big boxing show at Madison Square Garden for the benefit of the Milk Fund. This fund, under the direction of the Mayor's Committee of Women, is one of the most important of the charities of the big city.

It supplies milk to the children of the poor. It is a Godsend to the mothers of the East Side, and other quarters of the Greater City, where poverty always and forever stalks the streets. It saves human lives, it nourishes the weaklings, it brings sunshine into dark places.

The management of Madison Square Garden, anxious to present a show that would produce the largest sum possible for this fund, had angled for various matches, featuring champions, when Gib-

(*Continued on page* 5)

Wrestling *vs.* Boxing—Which is the Superior?

By J. L. (IKE) DORGAN

RECENTLY Spike Robinson, former Pacific Coast boxer, and Bull Montana, wrestler and movie-picture actor, engaged in a heated argument over the merits of the respective sport. Spike, who was trying to josh Montana, insisted that any good boxer employing proper ring science could whip a wrestler of equal weight utilizing the holds legally permitted in the grappling game.

Spike, eager to hear Montana's "bull-throwing" ability in his "native" tongue, confided to his friends that he had written an article for a Los Angeles paper to the effect that wrestlers were inferior to boxers and then, locating Montana, started the following discussion:

Spike: Hello, Bull! What do you think of this story?

Bull: Desa guys start de argument about wrestlin' and boxin' where there isa no argument.

Spike: No argument is right. Every time one of you muscle-bound mat guys step in the ring you get pulverized.

Bull: Butta this says for each guy use his own weepuns.

Spike: Weapons, nuthin'. You mean holds.

Bull: You meana you boxers punch us wrestlers full of holes?

Spike: Yes, that too, but what I meant was that the boxers would punch while you swelled-necks use the hammerlock, stranglehold, toe twister and thumb or eye extinguisher.

Bull: Youa be a leetel careful, Mr. Robinson, or we seetle dis argument right heer.

Spike: And no camera here?

Bull: Butta I no lika your talk. When you call me swelled-neck do you mean swelled head? My neck finish here, and my head start here.

Spike: No, I meant with you guys your necks are always larger than your heads.

Bull: Oh, I beeg pardon. I see you meent no insult, but de compliment.

Spike: You wrestlers ought to wear a thimble for a hat.

Bull: Yes, yes, I see. Den whena you boxers use de horseshoe in your glove we no feel.

Spike: Don't seem like I can insult you.

Bull: Yessa, you can, butta we gotta arrange a return insult first.

Spike: You talk like a wrestler, all right.

Bull: I'm heem. You boxer, me a wrestler, and we get Pat Higgins, jiu-jitsu expert, the referee. Make beeg card, all meexed up lika de deelicious spaghetti.

Recalls Incident in Jeffries' Career

This argument of wrestling vs. boxing, recalls an incident in Jeffries' career which is vouched for by personal friends of the former champion.

When Jack Johnson kept nagging Jeffries for a match, the title holder lost his temper and in a fit of anger remarked:

"All right, you're on. If you are looking for a real fight, come down in the cellar, let us lock the door and throw away the key. The fellow who comes out of this cellar is the champion."

Johnson looked in astonishment at Jeffries and replied:

"Mistah Jeffries, that's not the kind of fight ah's looking for."

The affair, had it taken place, naturally would have been a rough-and-tumble contest, not unlike the grudge battles of bare-knuckle days or some of the grudge fights which are reported to have taken place frequently in the rear room of the original Strangler Lewis's place between wrestlers in all divisions.

Many of Jeffries's friends at the time the above remarks are said to have been made, believed Jeffries would have killed Johnson in a bone-breaking contest, but as history relates, Johnson got his revenge when he kept smiling, taunting and battering Jim in their famous fight at Reno when Jim, a mere shell of himself, tried a come-back, but without success.

Dempsey Favors Boxer

Jack Dempsey, world's heavy-weight champion, is of the opinion that the boxer would triumph over the wrestler, all things being equal. Queried on this subject a few days ago, Jack replied:

"I'll tell you it would be pretty tough on a boxer if fellows like Strangler Lewis or Zbyszko were to get a hold on him. They would be liable to break a fellow's neck, arm or leg. But on the other hand, I have always regarded a wrestler as a slow boxer.

"A fast boxer could watch them come in and could shove them off until he saw an opening. Of course, if you give anyone a hard clip on the chin he would go down and stay down. I don't want to appear as if I were boasting, but I really believe a good boxer could whip a good wrestler in short order."

No Fear in the Hearts of Greb or Tom Gibbons

(*Continued from page* 4)

bons came along. The fund was mentioned to the St. Paul man.

"Certainly I'll fight for the fund, and I'll take less for my end than I might otherwise ask," he said.

"Would you fight Harry Greb?" was next put to Tom.

"Greb?" he repeated. "Get him!"

Now, then, few fighters care to meet Harry Greb. The Pittsburgher is regarded as one of the toughest men in the game, an eager, willing, rip-bang fellow, always on the go when he is in the ring.

An opponent has to fight when he is fighting Greb, because Harry will not let him do anything else. After seeing him whip big Charley Weinert at Madison Square, the New York "ring worms" took a tremendous fancy to him.

A telephone call to George Engel, manager of Greb, practically closed the match.

"Fight Gibbons?" said Engel. "Harry-'ll fight anybody."

Which is easy to believe when you look over Greb's record. He has met nearly all the best men in the country, light-heavies, and heavies. He offered Johnny Wilson every inducement to get the middleweight champion into the ring with him, agreeing to make 160 pounds at 2 o'clock, but as a rule Harry is giving away weight.

He served as Jack Dempsey's sparring partner, and Dempsey to-day has tremendous admiration for Greb. He says he is the busiest man he ever saw in the ring. Dempsey expects to be at the ringside of the Gibbons-Greb bout to view at close range another potential opponent for his title.

Gibbons, with his new reputation as a terrific hitter, will probably be the favorite in the betting, especially with a big contingent of westerners coming to the fight with plenty of money. Around New York, and the East, generally, however, Greb will have a heavy following.

The easterners listen to the tales of Gibbons' slugging, wag their heads wisely, and say:

"All right, but wait until you see that Flying Dutchman in action! Nobody is going to knock him out!"

From a Ringside Seat—An Interview With Senator James J. Walker

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

LEGISLATIVE halls, wrapped in the heavy shroudings of prestige and dignity, do not suggest themselves offhand as scenes of conflict as thrilling to the spectator as any battle of the ring.

The proceedings of any legislative body, fraught with significance for those whose daily lives may be influenced by any development, are held sometimes to criticism and to harsh comment, but seldom are they considered in any aspect other than as an agency of government.

Dramatists, it is true, have seen the tenseness and the charged atmosphere of congresses and parliaments and have made use of their discoveries. The movies have essayed a few half-hearted attempts to transfer the drama of the making of laws to the screen, but the efforts have fallen short of success, as efforts so frequently will.

Yet there is in any Legislature a feeling of tenseness at times, a sense of impending victory or defeat, that resembles greatly the excitement-charged atmosphere in some vast hall filled with fans lifted out of themselves to become shouting, shrieking partisans.

Senator Walker—Jimmy Walker, the minority leader of the Upper House in New York State, popular, debonair Jimmy—first suggested the connection.

He was seated at ringside at Madison Square Garden during the battle between Benny Leonard and Rocky Kansas for the lightweight title. The preliminaries were milling along, two youthful aspirants to fame in the ring pummelling each other with more energy than effect, and the rows of pink faces glistened in the half-lights and shadows, stretching back like a moving web from the canvass-covered square gleaming under the hooded lights above it.

"There's a certain something in the air that you can feel," said the Senator. "It's the crowd's sense of something impending; something inside all of us that harks far back to the Stone Ages. You know that something important is going to happen. You are sure of it. The whole audience feels it and their feeling is transferred to you in some mysterious fashion.

"It's just like Albany," he broke off suddenly.

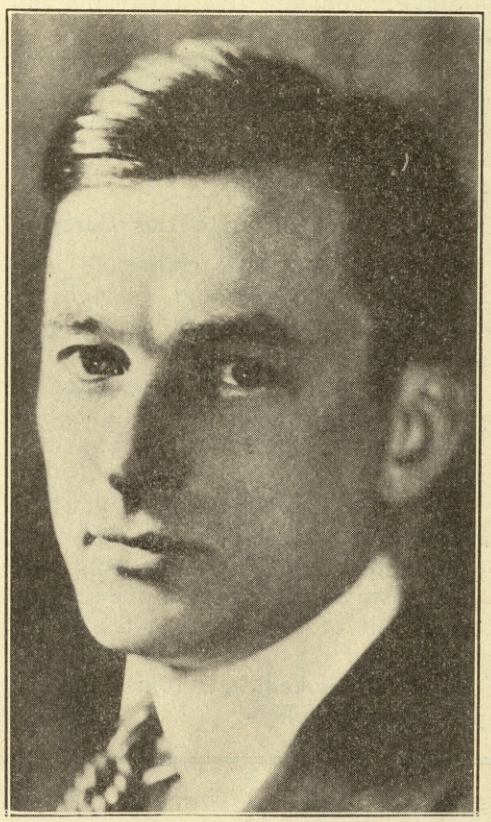
One of the two youngsters tearing bravely at each other, staggered and reeled back. His foe was upon him with feverish fists pumping blows against arms crossed in a shield-like defense.

The whole crowd was on its feet, yelling and yelling again.

Through the uproar the clang of the bell ending the round came with the brazen insistence of the voice of Doom.

In an instant the two youths were on their way back to their corners, the fans had sunk again to their seats and a steady, chattering hum had succeeded the wild uproar of a moment before.

"You see," Senator Walker went on, "The crowd sensed that exciting moment before it ever arrived. We all did. That faculty—sort of intuition—always interests me. And it always puzzles me, too."



Senator Walker, Father of New York State Boxing Bill

A friend of the Senator, arriving late and hurrying to his seat, stopped for a brief chat with the popular young politician. When he had hustled along, Jimmy the Urbane resumed his remarks.

"I said before that this place reminds me of Albany," he continued. "Well, it surely does. It's that something in the air that makes for the resemblance."

A moment's pause, during which a Senatorial leg was draped over its mate for comfort, and then he picked up the discourse again.

"Some of my dignified colleagues might not agree with me," the Senator mused, "But I find many points of similarity between boxing and legislating.

"Aside from that same feeling of tenseness I have been speaking of, I can think of half-a-dozen similarities. There's the count over a fallen fighter, for instance. You can see the rise and fall of the referee's hand and, from a ringside seat anyway, you can hear him toll the seconds. Much like that is the count in the Senate when a vote on some bill is in progress. It may be some routine act, and if it is the interest will not be so great, but when it is some hotly-contested measure, whose passage has been opposed all the way, then the slow recording of the twenty-six votes necessary to get it through carries with it all the excitement that you can desire.

"I've listened to enough of them to know," he continued, grimly, "and I've heard a few results that make me able to sympathize with a youngster who is knocked out."

Another friend flitted by, pausing only to shake the Senator's hand.

"One thing about Albany, though," he went on. "A quick count doesn't make much difference. You're safe on that point anyway.

"And as for gameness . . . I can cite you several examples, but I'll give only one, because that will serve as well as any.

"When Governor Hughes was urging the bill designed to end race-track gambling in New York, the Senate was evenly divided on the measure. One more vote was necessary to assure passage, and the State's Chief Executive could not influence one opponent of the bill to change his stand. However, a Brooklyn Senator who was seriously ill at his home, proceeded to Albany against the advice of his physician. He had to be carried onto the train and off, and he was borne into the Senate chamber on a stretcher. But he cast his vote for that bill and it was passed. It is on the statute books to-day.

"A Republican that was, by the way," Senator Walker commented, "But then, gameness is never a matter of party, nor of race, nor creed, either. You're apt to find it in the most unexpected places, both among boxers and among legislative leaders.

"Another point of similarity between ring and hall is the respect good men have for each other. A real man always admires a square, honest foe, whatever their differences may be.

(Continued on page 7)

Veteran Tom O'Rourke Among the Last of the Age of "Golden Days of Boxing"

By FRANK E. COULTRY

WHEN the time comes to write the history of the "golden age of boxing," that period that began in the late '80's and, according to those who were contemporary to the period, ended when Jim Jeffries had fought and defeated Fitzsimmons and Corbett each for the second time, it will be fitting to give a large chapter over to the veteran Tom O'Rourke, still among those present in the fistic fanfare.

O'Rourke is of the type of impressario fast passing out of existence. In the "golden age" we speak of, he was a red hot embre in the fistic firmament. His personality just oozed through the game, as did that of many others who were handling the managerial affairs of great fighters of the day. For over thirty years he has been active in the boxing game as manager and boxing official. To-day he is one of the "watch-dogs" of the New York State Boxing Commission.

In his prime he was the manager of George Dixon and Joe Wolcott, two of the greatest colored fighters ever to slip the padded mitt over their hands. Tom was a bouyant Irish youth when he first took, like a duck to water, to the game of fisticuffs. He was as full of fight as were his fighters and his brain was the cogent battle-planning brain of a master. He seldom was checkmated.

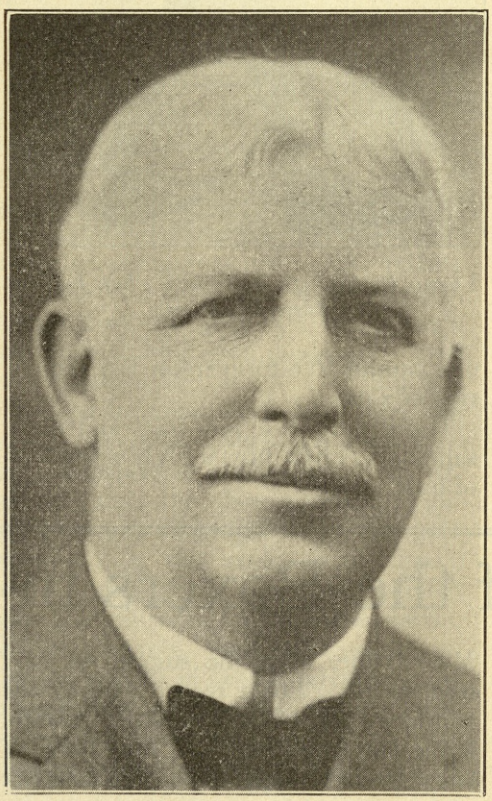
Managers of boxers nowadays still plan the battle campaigns of their charges; but few could see the mistakes, the inabilities, the frailties of opposing foemen as could O'Rourke.

The boxing game in those days was just out and out prize fighting; nothing more, nothing less, and it was a rough sport, where red-blooded men only succeeded in climbing to the top and sticking there.

O'Rourke grew gray in the service of his two great battlers. He saw Dixon beaten by "Terrible" Terry McGovern, but watched Wolcott knock out Joe Choynski, which somewhat evened the score, for Choynski was a heavyweight and Wolcott a welter. Wolcott, by the way, was last reported from Boston as having arrived aboard a tramp steamer from South America as a coal passer. Time certainly does make changes!

The methods of O'Rourke in managing fighters probably wouldn't be highly appreciated in these days. Each decade of boxing has brought its own managerial methods and styles, and that of O'Rourke has passed. A new era is here and Tom, the dandy of the '90's, fits into the new scheme of things as nicely as a new glove, but in a new relation to the game.

Harking back to the days when he managed Wolcott, one can discover the timber that O'Rourke was made of. He had the Barbadoes Demon matched against Kid Lavigne at Maspeth. O'Rourke coached Wolcott throughout the bout. In the early stages the colored boy took a big lead but Lavigne kept coming on faster and faster, and in that hectic combat both were cut to ribbons, only Wolcott suffered the worst beating. He wanted to quit when he saw that Lavigne was growing stronger.



Tom O'Rourke, New York State Boxing Commissioner and veteran follower of pugilism

"Tom," said Wolcott, "I'se goin' to quit."

"If you do," declared O'Rourke leaning over the chair in the corner and spilling water from a bottle down the black boy's face, "I will see to it that you are carried out of here," and to make good his bluff O'Rourke is said to have patted his hip pocket in an affectionate manner. Wolcott didn't quit.

Tom was not as rough as he seemed in those days, but a manager had to have a bold front and being Irish Tom knew his business. Yet he was a lion-hearted young man just as he is a lion-hearted official and follower of the game to-day. He could mix kindness with stern roughness and no one ever "put one over" on Tom the second time.

You will see this veteran of fistiana to-day, a debonnaire, gray-haired man, who resembles a banker. Those rough edges wore off as soon as the demand for the rough appearance ceased to be a leading one, and the polished surface beneath came to the front, and there you have Tom O'Rourke, of 1922, almost the last of the great of the "Golden Age of Boxing."

From a Ringside Seat

(*Continued from page* 6)

"And then there is that practice of 'shamming' made famous by Leach Cross. You know what that strategy consists of —pretending that you are on the point of collapse in order to make your opponent careless. I've seen that plan worked successfully at Albany as many times as it has been right here."

Another interruption for another friend, who wanted to interest the Senator in the case of some deserving man who was sorely in need of a job. He succeeded.

"I was thinking of another resemblance," he resumed, when a wild roar shook the house. Rocky Kansas, scowling, clambered into the ring and in a moment Benny Leonard, smiling and sleek-haired, was in his corner.

The roar grew into intensity, and among those who helped swell its volume, was Jimmy Walker, fight enthusiast.

"We'll let the rest of it go for the time being," he said when quiet was restored for a short minute. "Let it go until some other time. I don't want to miss any of this."

So we let it go—for good, because Senator Walker, the commentator, had become Jimmy Walker, the fan.

"Shadows of the Past, No. 2—Wm. Rothwell"

By I. C. BRFNNER

YOUNG CORBETT has gone West! This is not in the sense that the soldier knew the phrase in the world war, but that Young Corbett is dead to Broadway where he was one of the landmarks since the day twenty years ago when he flashed across the sporting firmament by his sensational knockout over Terrible Terry McGovern.

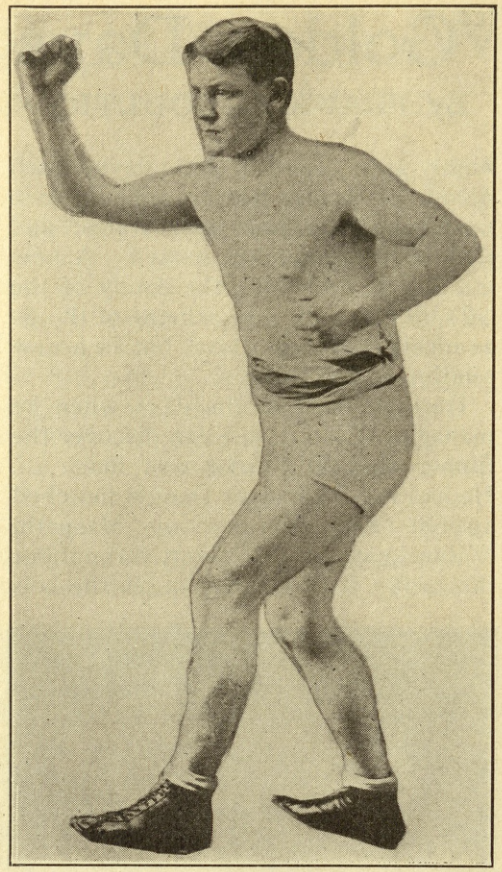
Henceforth we shall hear no more of Young Corbett. He will now be known as William Rothwell, farmer, Denver, Colo. He quaffed the bubbles of fame and sipped the dregs of adversity.

"Billy," as he was known to his intimates, is a relic of the generation of boxers who squandered youth and fortune. They don't do it in this day of big business in the ring. The bright lights lure few of the leather pushers of to-day. He is at the present time only a couple of years older than Jack Britton, yet he is going back home to his folks, to the old family ranch.

What a change it will be for him after all these years from watching the "chickens" of the Great White Way to those out under the blue skies of Colorado! What a difference between Pike's Peak and the Woolworth Building!

Young Corbett has taken the long trail westward, staked to the trip home, by the generosity of Charley Stoneham, owner of the Giants. He found how fickle Dame Fortune is, but it took him a long time to be convinced that one cannot live forever on the reputation of a day.

He is gone to a new start and thousands who knew him wish him the best of luck.



Young Corbett as he looked when he beat Terry McGovern

Our Record for February

We thank the readers of THE RING and our advertisers for the splendid support, both moral and financial, given us in our first appearance before the public. We feel that the critical public has passed judgment upon THE RING, and judging from the many congratulatory letters received from public officials, men high in the field of sports and dyed-in-the-wool boxing fans from various states, the publishers of THE RING feel that there is a place for this high-class magazine.

An appeal for yearly subscriptions in New York City alone netted responses to the number of 2,104 in ten days. No new magazine has ever been able to boast of a better record for the initial number.

Returns from clubs in New York and New Jersey where THE RING is on sale at each show, indicate the bright future in store for this magazine. "Sold Out" was the report brought back by most of our boys.

If you were not one of last month's readers of THE RING, start now and send in your subscription. $1.00 a year is a very small amount for a high-class magazine such as is THE RING. Don't you agree with us?

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Doings of the Boxers in Australia

The Americans in Australia are doing well, winning all along the line and are almost certain to renew their contracts. Tommy O'Brien, the lightweight of the party has only lost one fight, and that on a foul. All others he has won by means of the K. O. He first of all stopped Jimmy Hill, ex-featherweight champion of Australia, in four rounds. Then he lost on a foul to Sid Godfrey, and later met and knocked out Llew Edwards in seven rounds.

On Boxing Day (December 26th), he met Harry Holmes, one of the best lightweights in Australia, and Harry hit the hay in just five rounds. Tommy is now going to meet Harry Stone and others, and is talking of renewing his contract for another five contests. Louie Garcia, the Los Angeles Mexican, has won his two fights by the short cut route. He stopped Jerry Sullivan in twelve rounds and then met the Newcastle lad Packey MacFarlane, whom he stopped in thirteen rounds. Louie recently boxed our featherweight champion, Bert Spargo. Ernie Goozeman has also done well of late. He has completed his first contract of contests and is now matched for more bouts. He went to Melbourne a few weeks ago on a day's notice and knocked out the tough Russian, Paul Demsky in eight rounds.

Ernie entered the ring without having done an hour's training. Since then, however, he met Bert Spargo, on December 17th, in a return contest, and although Bert won on points, Ernie was not by any means disgraced. He provided a wonderful performance. These lads are making good money in this country, O'Brien and Garcia being in particular favor with fans because of their K. O. habits.

The boom is still holding out strong in Sydney and Melbourne and good fighters are making big money there. Jack Munro is anxious to get into touch with more feather, light and welterweight boxers in America and England. Men who can punch and go 20 rounds are invited to write. The conditions are five contests to be decided in Australia within six months of the date of arrival.

The remuneration is at the rate of 25 per cent. of the gross gate receipts for each contest. Round trip tickets (second class) are provided. Second class on the Australian steamers is equal to first class fare on other lines. The food and accommodation are excellent. Boxers who want to make a name for themselves and plenty of dough, should get into touch with Manager Jack Munro, Stadium, Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, Australia.

Strangler Lewis regained the heavyweight wrestling championship by defeating Stanislaus Zbyszko at Wichita, Kansas, March 3rd.

Weaker Sex Keeping Step with Stronger in Sport

By JANE DIXON

"FRANTIC Femine Fight Fans Crash Gate at Garden?"

"Mashed Millinery and Bits of Crepe de Chine Strew Entry to Arena Where Battle of Century is Fought!"

"Fifty Thousand Women See Gloved Gladiators Box for World's Championship!"

No Gwendolyn, this is not a press agent's dream.

Rather, it is a lonesome hop, skip and jump behind Fact, marking the speed with which the weaker sex has progressed since their uncensored admission to the field of sport.

Time was when Jack Dempsey as a dinner-table topic would have been a real social *faux pas*. Amusement, in the then current sense of the word, ran to charades, bob-sledding, euchres with now and then a Virginia reel thrown in when the party waxed skitty.

The athletic girl played croquet in the afternoon and parcheesa in the evening.

Mother's idea of a wildly exciting event was to tie on her old grey bonnet by its blue ribbons, fasten her lace fischu with her best cameo and hurry along to the chicken-pie supper in the basement of the church while "dad" sneaked away with the gang and through a blue haze of pipe tobacco, watched a couple of prize fighters pummel each other.

The women folk of the family never mentioned dad's derelictions, even to each other. Prize fights were a man privilege, and what could not be cured was endured.

If only she might come back, that lady-afraid-of-her-shadow.

If she could sit, for a while, in the country's center of art, science, fashion, and from beneath the brilliantined shimmer of her marcel wave, watch brain and brawn meet brain and brawn in the eternal struggle for survival of the fittest!

Shocked? Perhaps. Envious? Maybe. Regretful? Surely.

For these are the days when men and women are something more than domestic sparring partners. We are fortunate enough to be integral part of an era in which regular partnerships prevail, with husbands, wives, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts sharing each others roast beef as well as their plates of pink ice cream.

Not so many years ago, in the old home town, which is none other than the new historic Marion, O., where President Harding comes from, a daughter of Main street succeeded in getting herself jolly well ostracized by donning her brother's best Sears and Roebuck and sneaking into the local armory where a fistic affray was being staged for benefit of the bewhiskered populace.

Not longer ago than last Fourth of July another daughter of the same standard American highway gained considerable social prestige by reason of the fact she occupied a ringside seat at the championship obsequies of Mons. Georges Carpentier, of France, Mr. Jack Dempsey of the U. S. A. presiding. The dear girls have been begging her ever since to tell them all about it.

Old timers, culling from the book of memory, tell us how, at the Reno, Nev., affair between Jeffries and Johnson the feminine element was almost totally absent. A few camp followers, a smattering of darlings from local dance halls, a very occasional lady whose men folk were in some way connected with the show, concealed themselves among the milling multitude who stood around the ringside, slanted their Stetson's at a rakish angle and fingered the gold nuggets in their pant's pockets.

In Toledo, some seven years later, the widely advertised super-man, Jess Willard, attempted a heavyweight fistic argument with the then practically unknown young Dempsey from the gold country. On this occasion the great, broiling arena was plentifully dotted with the gay colors of sport sweaters, festive parasols, beflowered millinery. The hoi polloi had been carefully cached in boxes high on the arena outskirts and far enough from the maddening crowd to make field-glasses a necessity.

What a difference in Jersey City where was measured the high-water mark in feminine fight fervor!

Here the socially elegant rubbed elbows with the artistically elect, both being close enough to the rosin to sniff the pungency thereof. No less than four governors of states, not to mention a quorum of cabinet officers and a whole fleet of Senators and Representatives, most of them accompanied by the fair, found their way into the titanic arena which made the playgrounds of the Romans look like a bush league baseball stand.

Incoming trains from Newport, R. I., bivouac of the purple-born, carried coveys of Astors and Vanderbilts and kindred "ultras," all bound for the fistic battleground.

Mr. Clarence Mackay, millionaire promulgator of finance and the arts, occupied a box close by that of Miss Anne Morgan, million-dollar promulgator of philanthropies. Close by was the box of Mr. David Belasco, who has done more for the artistry of the stage than any man of his century; and in it, the feature of an all-star cast, was America's leading young emotional actress, Miss Lenore Ulric. Never, in the history of fashion, has such a collection of smart frocks, of amazing millinery and costly feminine fripperies been assembled. Figures show that at least one-third of the hundred thousand Dempsey-Carpentier spectators cheered their favorite in lusty soprano.

Anent Miss Morgan, her advent into the world of sport as a boxing promoter in behalf of devastated France, with lightweights Benny Leonard and Ritchie Mitchell under the Cooper-Hewitts, must forever silence the carpers. On this evening the boxed circle in Madison Square Garden outshone the glittering Golden Horseshoe of Metropolitan Opera fame. Ropes of pearls and diamond circlets were as common as elks-tooth watch-charms in the old days. Stetsons were replaced by shining silk toppers. Peppy young debutantes with bobbed hair, pendant ear-rings and dainty decollete evening gowns sold programs and forgot to return the change—for France's sake.

Old-fashioned fight follower who ran to claw settings and violent vests had to hide behind pillars to keep from being unduly conspicuous.

"Where shall we go to-night, dear," asks Mr. Modern Husband, "to the bout or to the theatre?"

"Let's go to the bout, dear," responds Mrs. Modern Wife. 'We can go to the theatre any evening."

Thereupon she dons her most becoming frock, her choicest chapeaux, and they are off to see an exhibition of what body-building coupled with scientific effort and lightning quick mental activity means to young American manhood.

The Weaker Sex has come to keep sport step with the Strong!

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Veteran of Skin-Tight Glove Battle Makes Plea for Boxing

By CHARLEY WHITE

Leading Lightweight of the Middle West

WHEN the news was flashed over the wires about a month ago that Harry Gilmore, of Chicago, celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of his skin-tight glove fight with Jack McAuliffe, with a four-round exhibition, memories of one of the toughest battles in the history of the ring were brought back to the veterans of boxing. Gilmore, who despite his sixty-eight years, is as active and healthy a man as is Jack McAuliffe, who is touring Europe, takes issue with the champion or near champion of to-day for refusing to engage in battle unless a fabulous sum is paid over as a guarantee.

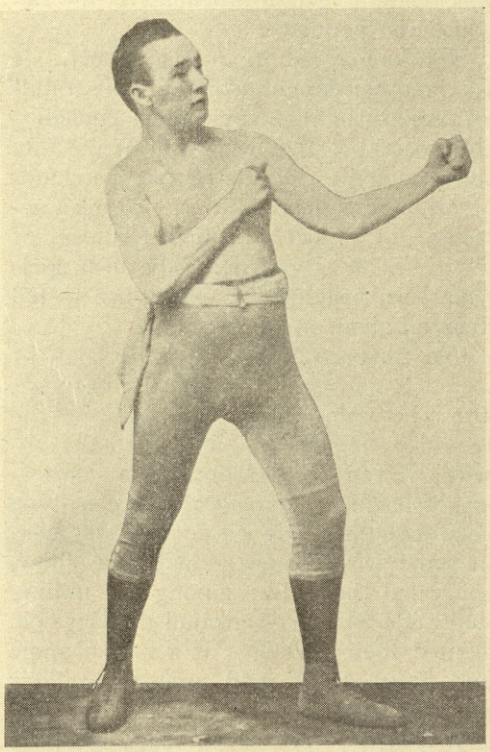
Gilmore, after calling attention to the fact that when he fought McAuliffe in Lawrence, Mass., in a building, the lower part of which was used by the Salvation Army for a prayer meeting, he engaged in twenty-eight rounds of furious milling for a side bet of only $500—winner take all—made an eloquent plea for the legalizing of boxing in the State of Illinois a few days ago.

"When I think of the purses asked by champions of to-day, it makes me sick at heart," says Gilmore. "Surely the fighters of old were more proficient with few exceptions than the men who wear the crowns to-day, yet the quibbling which accompanies each attempt to make a match with topnotchers to-day was unheard of in my time."

It is to men of the type of Gilmore, McAuliffe, Dacey, Corbett, Jeffries, Choynski, Kid Lavigne and a host of other celebrities of the past that boxing owes its existence. Hence a plea for the sport from the mouths or pens of such men is worth ten fold the pleas made by others.

Gilmore, the grizzly, battle-scarred veteran of days of the bare knuckle and the skin-tight gloves comes forth with the declaration that boxing is here to stay, and that regardless of the opposition encountered in some states, this sport will flourish to the extent that it will become the national sport with clubs, either amateur or professional, springing up in every hamlet and burg.

"I am a believer in boxing because I know of no sport that will put a man in better health, and because it is the sport of the red-blooded man," says Gilmore. "Opponents of boxing in their ignorance refer to boxing as prize fighting when as a matter of fact the prize fights of the old days differ so widely from the clean, healthful, invigorating, well-conducted boxing of the present day that referring to them as synonomous, is ridiculous.



Jack McAuliffe, as he appeared when he fought Frank Gilmore.

The distinction is as wide as between the sun and the moon."

In this statement Gilmore has a host of supporters. Too often opponents of boxing place the present day scientific glove contests in the same category with prize fights. Prize fighting has been eliminated from the field of pugilism for upward of twenty years. Bouts staged under the supervision of a state commission are so tame in comparison to the brutal bare knuckle bouts of the past that there seems to be no sane reason for the continued action of some state legislators opposing the enaction of laws governing the sport in states where boxing is under the ban.

New York and Wisconsin have shown how well the sport can be handled by a competent commission, have shown that every form of the brutality of the prize-fighting days of the early eighties can be eliminated, and have demonstrated that the public wants the sport and is eager to support it, hence the question. "Why continue to bar boxing in some States and permit it in others?" Boxing as carried on under State control is less brutal than many a high school football game, and the sooner some legislators realize this the quicker the sport will enjoy the confidence of the public to which it is entitled.

Illinois' fight fans are making a game struggle to change the attitude of the opponent's of boxing. Even the amateurs are having a hard time of it and it will take a long time to put the sport back to the level it once enjoyed. In fact, the opponents have the upper hand to such extent that not only are they able to keep the legislators from voting for the sport, but also see to it that not even a charity entertainment is staged. The contention of the opponents is that when money is paid for bouts prize fighting and not boxing is being staged.

Illinois' fight enthusiasts have modelled their campaign along the lines followed in New York State before the enactment of the Walker bill, and with Gilmore at the head they will continue their battle for boxing until a State law is passed, permitting bouts to be staged.

Gilmore was a bare-knuckle fighter of ability. In 1885 he challenged the world for the lightweight title, the limit then being 128 pounds. He met George Fulljames, an Englishman living in Toronto, and knocked out Fulljames in two rounds. Only eight months previously it had taken Nonpareil Jack Dempsey twenty-eight rounds to dispose of Fulljames.

It was two years later, on January 17, 1887, at Lawrence, Mass., that Gilmore met Jack McAuliffe for the lightweight title at 133 pounds. Gilmore weighed in two days before the fight, as per agreement, and McAuliffe weighed in the day after. The match was with skin-tight gloves and McAuliffe knocked out Gilmore in twenty-eight rounds. Gilmore's friends insisted that McAuliffe weighed more than 140 pounds, and their assertion that the scales had been tampered, almost caused a riot. The referee finally caused a halt to the argument.

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Kid Socko—Now a Manager

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

SOME guys is so suspicious they would give you a pain in your false tooth, so help me, Painless Parker!

The guy which calls forth that observation from me is a glim named One-Round Harpoon. He used to call himself Knockout, but I changed it, figuring that the One-Round thing wasn't so much of a lie, as it might just as well apply to my man as to the sap which stops him in that length of time every time out.

You get that "my man" stuff, don't you?

Well, if you don't, I am setting down here the information that in response to much urging and pleading I have become a manager and am giving a few promising boys the benefit of my experience. My stable is the most promising of any now in existence in the realm of fisticuffs, and I am hoping that some day one of its members will make good on one promise. Just one will be enough!

But leave that go. It's a poor sort of bird that fouls the hand that feeds it.

You'll recall that after my appearance in New York boxing circles, which aroused large comment, on account of all the wise-cracking newspaper men wanting to know how the Street Cleaning Commissioner let me get by without a broom, I retired from the ring and spent several weeks fitting new oxfords on horses. However, I was not allowed to go on the uneven tenor of my ways for long, because a boy in Squashville, O., where I am doing my best for the horses, has pugilistical aspirations.

Several of the local bloods, including Cyrus Green, which runs the best undertaking emporium in the county, urges me to handle the affairs of Kayo Harpoon. Cy is a slick embalmer and the job is right up his alley, but for some reason or other he wishes it on me.

Cy gives me the low-down as follows:

"This boy sure is a comer," he says.

Well, he may be, for all I know, but all I have to say is that he has a long way to come—and he ain't going to make the grade by marking time, or hearing it counted over him.

Anyway, I see him in one fight, and he don't look any worse than a two-way check. You know that kind, don't you. It goes into the bank hopeful and comes back defeated.

So, in the interests of truthfulness, I speak to him as follows:

"Kayo, from now on your name is One-Round," I inform him.

He comes right back at me as follows:

"Why?" he asks me.

I snap it over fast and short, as follows:

"You'll find out soon enough," I repartee.

So, not liking the job any more than I do shoeing a horse with the itch, I take him under my wing. The trouble is I can't keep him there, but have to leave him out once in a while, and the rude boys does to him things that ain't much worse than hydrophobia.

This bird is a middleweight, but he is so particular that if I match him with one of Singer's Midgets he will ask me to insist on a forfeit that the dwarf makes the weight.

Well, I can't find one of Singer's Midgets which will work against my man, so I do the next best thing. I match One-Round Harpoon with Sinkem Smith, a guy which is so old that he took one of his grandsons to see Lincoln's funeral. I figure that my White Hopeless can get the decision on points if he will only do a little brisk walking around the ring and let the antique drop dead from exhaustion trying to catch him.

I fix it that we get $250 for our bit, win, lose or draw, and, after deducting necessary expenses, that leaves One-Round a good chance to get twenty-five fish for himself, unless I happen to find a joint where they issue six per cent. beer, in which case charges for entertainment may be a bit heavier.

My sap finally gets into the ring, after pausing and asking me why they don't give him a ladder so he can climb over the ropes easier. That nearly floors me, but I stop him in time and ease him through the enclosure, which is a tough job, but turns out to be a cinch compared with carrying him out.

Well, One-Round starts like a well-conducted funeral on a one-way street. He ain't going nowhere in particular, and he ain't in much of a hurry to arrive. He circles the ring a few times at a pace which would make a snail look like Man o' War, but even at that he gains on Sinkem Smith.

The trouble is that my sap is not satisfied with a safe lead, but has to hit up a bit and try to lap Sinkem. That's where he makes a mistake.

Sinkem is doing the best he can, working both arms trying to get into high, when my sap nears him. One-Round puts on a bit more stuff and gets close to the kid what was there when they laid the corner stone for the Pyramids. All of a sudden one of Sinkem's elbows, which is working backwards and forwards at a great rate, catches my meal-ticket in the solar plexus.

Well, it don't take so long to count ten at that, but if it had been a thousand it would not have made no difference, for my sap is a stubborn guy and when he makes up his mind that he is licked—he is licked. There's no doubt about it. When he quits, he quits. When he hits the canvas it might just as well be an ostermoor. He don't even roll over and only he has escaped one bad habit, anyway, he might snore a bit.

We carry him out tenderly and deposit him hastily in his dressing-room while I go to collect. I do, but I am only two jumps ahead of him at the office.

However, leave that go. I find the six per cent. joint, and One-Round don't fare so well as he expects, although getting just seven bucks more than he is worth, at that.

This Harpoon bird gives me an idea, though, and I intend to profit by it.

Every other manager in the world goes around trying to find guys which can supply knockouts, them being what the fans want.

So I figure it out, that the fans is willing to pay ready money to see some sap knocked for a row of Roman baths, and the guy that is kayoed is just as much fun for them as the guy which furnishes the padded chloroform.

In future I am going to concentrate on guys which can be knocked out easily. They are easier to find that the other kind, and besides I will be the only manager in the world which is constantly on the look-out for the kind of talent the public likes to see put out of action.

It looks to me like a money-winner, and I expect to make my fortune on it.

Everyone can know where I stand now.

If you see one of my boys on the bill, you can know in advance that he is going to be kayoed. No doubt about it. A quick count or your money back. That's my motto.

Watch me do my stuff. The one manager which guarantees you a knockout any time one of his men starts.

Yrs,

Kid Socko.

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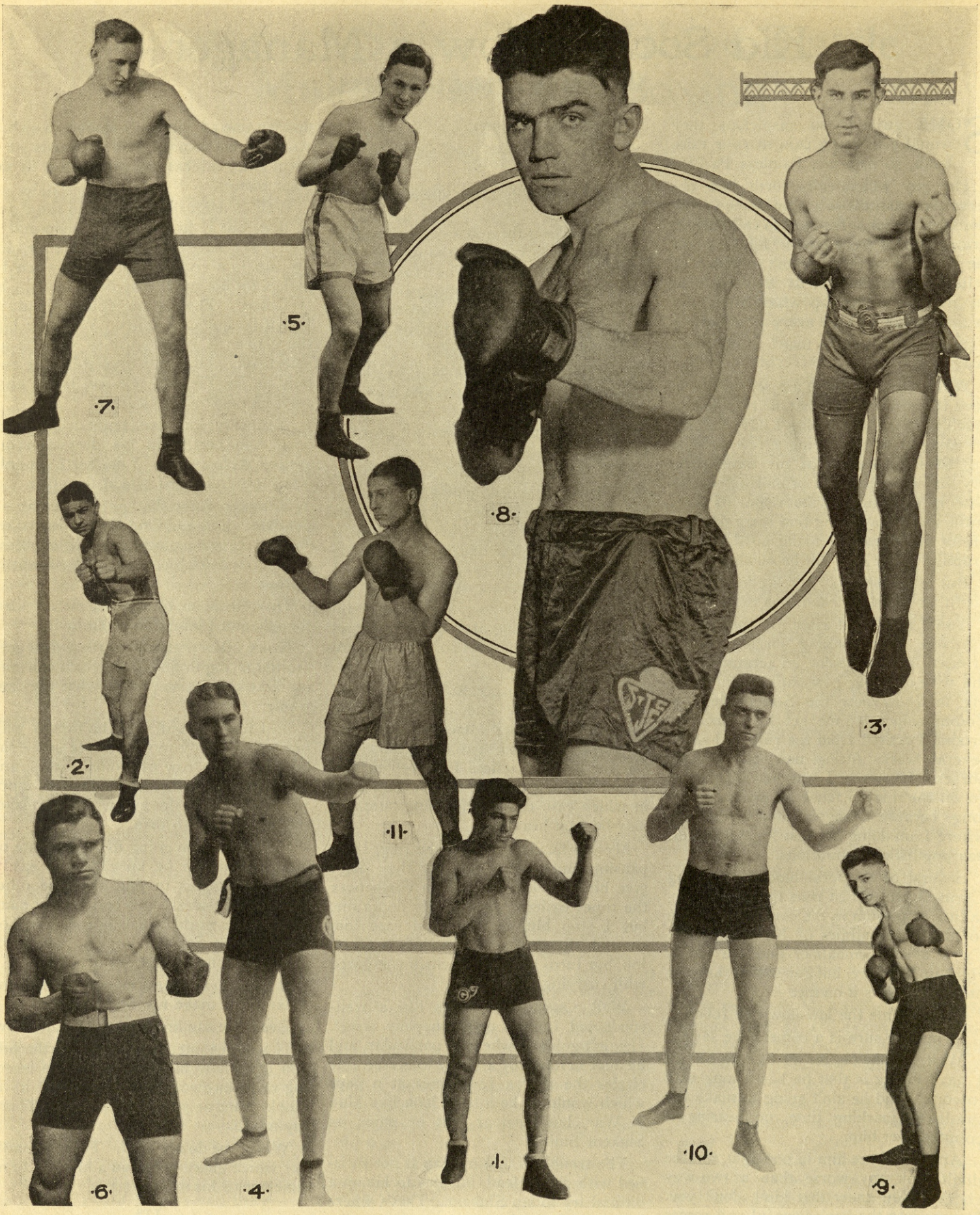


1—Joe Scoppettone, Glencoe A. C., featherweight.
2—Harvey Galfund, Samaclar A. C., lightweight.
3—Jack Rowe, Edgar Thompson Steel Co., 158-pound Alleghany Mountain Association champion.
4—Joe Murphy, Willow A. C., Pittsburgh, Alleghany Mountain Assn., heavyweight champion.
5—Willie Singer, 92nd Street Y. M. H. A., N. Y. S., feather and national bantam champion.
6—Martin Smith, Congress Own Council, State lightweight champion.
7—Charlie McKenna, St. Alphonus Club, N. Y. State light-heavyweight champion.
8—Bunney Fenney, St. Jerome's Catholic Club, N. Y. Runner-up in middleweight national championship.
9—Nat Pincus, Samaclar A. C., N. Y., international fly-weight champion.
10—Jack Rovesti, Wilmerding Y. M. C. A., 145-pound Alleghany Mountain champion.
11—Ed Williams, Boston, winner of 135-pound bout, Madison Square Garden.

FOURTEEN ADDITIONAL REASONS WHY IRELAND IS ON THE FISTIC MAP

1—Jock Malone, welterweight.
2—Jeff Smith, middleweight.
3—Joe Lynch, former bantam champion.
4—Ned Fitzgerald, lightweight.
5—Billy DeFoe, featherweight.
6—Mike McTigue, middleweight champion of Ireland and Canada.
7—Jack Britton, world's welterweight champion.
8—Bill Brennan, heavyweight.
9—Johnny Kilbane, world's featherweight champion.
10—Georgie Ward, welterweight.
11—Mike O'Dowd, former middleweight champion.
12—Eddie Fitzsimmons, lightweight.
13—Gene Tunney, light-heavyweight champion of America.
14—Midget Smith, bantamweight.

The Truth About Professional Wrestling and the Solution

By NAT PENDLETON,

Former Intercollegiate Wrestling Champion, America's Representative to and Winner of Olympic Games, Belgium, 1920

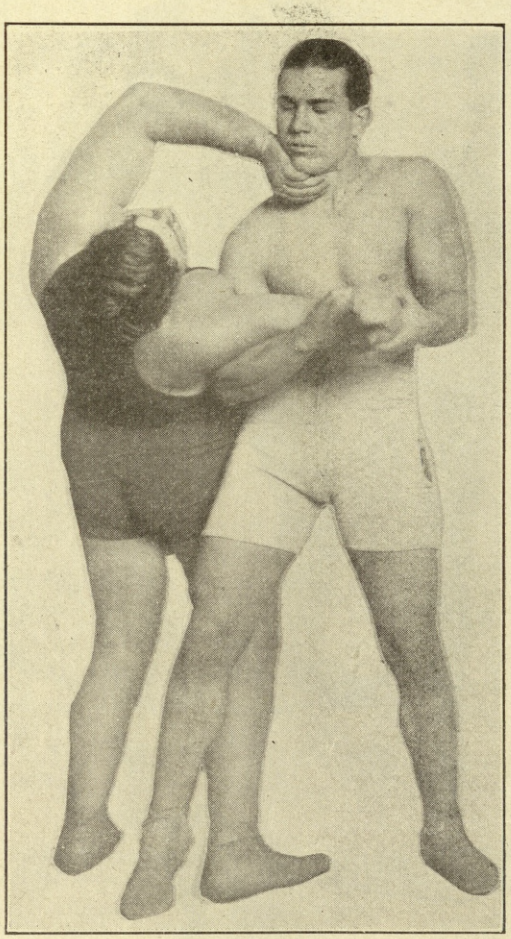
WHAT is the matter with wrestling? Why all this furore about rolling and flying falls? Are all matches on the level? These and a hundred similar questions are running through the mind of the wrestling fan of to-day. I propose in this article to explain without fear or favor just where the real trouble lies and submit the only logical solution. When Earl Caddock, the man of a thousand holds, first took to the grappling game I had already been at it for five years, and the reader may rest assured that I am competent to discuss this subject, if no other.

In professional boxing as well as wrestling there are certain strong influences which sometimes undermine the integrity of the promoter, the contestants, or both. Sure-thing gamblers try to frame matches for the sake of gain. Lack of space makes it impossible to prove every statement which I will make in this discussion, but the reader may rest assured that I have ample proof at my finger tips for everything I am going to say. The Chicago baseball scandal is still a dark memory with every fan, and it is to be regretted that boxing and wrestling are not entirely free from these influences.

A sport promoter is in business for money not for sport, generally speaking. The promoter who is in for sport usually goes broke or has enough to lose without feeling it financially. A promoter wants his boxers or wrestlers as cheap as he can get them. A framed match will cost him less than an up-and-up affair. If he is unscrupulous, as some are, he will save money. On the other hand, he may not be a party to the frame-up, but may book the bout because it is cheap.

Naturally, two contestants who do not have to spend money and time in hard training, who have no nerve strain, and who intend wrestling or boxing a close match, which will do them both credit without injury to the reputation of either one, can afford to box or wrestle cheaply. Then, too, they may have a return bout if one of them loses on a fluke or appears to have some alibi. By arranging frame-ups, their managers can go to the promotor and underbid the honest wrestler who trains faithfully and who will not be so generous with his opponent's reputation when he steps in the ring.

Another advantage from the promoter's point of view—if he is dishonest, as some are—is that he can arrange for a popular victory. The local or the more popular contestant will draw a larger house next time. This will bring in more money for the loser than if he should win. A creditable showing can easily be arranged for him with a return match in some other part of the country where he can win.



Nat Pendleton illustrating the Japanese Arm Lock

The promoter can plan ahead and work things up for a huge affair at the end of the season, provided he knows the results of his enterprises in advance; he need not worry about securing appearance forfeits from contestants, nor fret over the chance of injury in practice or training. A boxer or wrestler would have to be literally crippled to pass up appealing in a framed bout.

The above influences for fraud exist in all professional sport, especially in those sports involving nerve strain. They are not, however, the chief concern of this article. The remedy is the same for one sport as it is for the other, in so far as these influences are concerned. In professional wrestling, however, there is an additional glaring influence which is stronger than all the others combined, and it is with this condition that the author proposes to deal.

Wrestling that is on the level is not interesting to the average audience, much less is it thrilling and spectacular as the framed stuff. There are two exceptions to this statement: when one contestant completely outclasses another and elects to toy with him, and when both contestants are highly skilled men fighting always for the offensive.

Let us see what effect this condition of affairs has upon the wrestling promoter. He wants to please his audience and knows the framed match is more interesting and spectacular. He must be a man of integrity to resist the temptation of staging fake matches, especially when one considers that they cost him less, the wagering possibilities, &c., &c.

If he does not please his audience he might just as well quit cold. He cannot employ highly skilled men all the time in on-the-level bouts, for they cost money, and besides they are few, and of those few there are few who do not assume the defensive and lie upon their stomachs for stretches of thirty and forty minutes.

What effect has this condition of affairs upon the wrestlers? In order for them to gain popularity they must put up a spectacular match, or at least an interesting one. Popularity means fame and fortune. There is no nerve strain in a fake match. Truly the wrestler must be scrupulous indeed to resist the temptation to fake, especially if he is not highly skilled. He may find it hard to get promoters—dishonest ones—to give him a showing.

The great wrestling question is, how can honest wrestling be made interesting and of spectacular value regardless of the degree of skill of the contestants or their style of attack. After twelve years of careful study I have arrived at the one and only solution of this problem. William Muldoon knows what the trouble is, but has tried a poor remedy which has only made matters worse. I refer to his

flying and rolling falls. His goal is all right, but he is on the wrong track headed in the opposite direction. I admire greatly his insight and motives.

The "fall" in wrestling corresponds to the "knockout" in boxing. There is no other object in wrestling than to gain a fall. In boxing, however, points are counted and decisions are given according to pointage. It is this constant competition for pointage that makes the match interesting. How long would a six-day race remain interesting if it were not for the sprints for pointage? There must be pointage in wrestling. This will supply the element that is lacking to-day. The "fall," and incidently the "pin fall," is the logical termination of a wrestling bout, but decision must be given on pointage as in boxing. This is one reason for the present popularity of the leather-pushing game.

The following system of point scoring should be adopted by the various promoters and commissions throughout the country. This includes the New York State Athletic Commission:—

One point to a contestant each and every time he gains upper position on the mat, attacking from standing position.

One point to a contestant each and every time he gains upper position on the mat, attacking from under position on the mat.

One point to the contestant who retains upper position longer during the bout.

Two points to a contestant each and every time he places his opponent in danger. A wrestler shall be considered in danger every time he bridges or rolls from one shoulder to the other and is then forced to return to the shoulder from which he started.

The referee will call out the points as they are gained to the official score keeper, who will keep a record of them. The official timekeeper will keep a record of the length of time each contestant holds upper position as signalled to him by the referee. At the end of the bout the score keeper will announce the winner. If either contestant scores a fall pointage will of course not figure, the winner of the fall being the victor in the match.

The above is sufficiently clear to be understood by a child. The referee has no great discretionary power, and every one knows how the points are being scored and which wrestler is ahead. The wrestlers will have to step lively every minute. This system will inject the element that is lacking into the game. It will do for wrestling exactly what the sprints do for the long bike-grind. The points awarded for these sprints are the big feature of the sport. Another rule that requires adoption, together with the pointage system described above, follows:

If the contestants wrestle ten minutes on their feet without scoring any points the referee will stop the bout temporarily and determine by the hazard of a coin toss which of the contestants shall assume upper position on the mat, giving him a simple waist hold. The wrestling will resume for ten minutes, when the bout again will be temporarily stopped and the man who was given upper position will be placed in the under position for the remaining ten minutes.

We are assuming the bout to be a thirty minute time-limit affair. Should a fall be gained by one of the contestants during the second ten minutes of the bout under this plan the bout will be temporarily stopped and the contestant who was given upper position will now be given the under position. The wrestling will resume, and the contestant who has been thrown shall be given the opportunity of obtaining a fall in equal or less time. Should he fail to do so he will be declared beaten immediately.

But, on the other hand, should he obtain a fall in less time he shall be awarded the bout. Points, of course, will be determined throughout the second and third ten-minute period of the bout as previously outlined, and the contestant scoring the most points will be awarded the match if no fall has been obtained.

The above is my solution of the wrestling problem, and it is my firm belief that if these rules were adopted for catch-as-catch-can wrestling the sport would enjoy as great if not greater popularity than boxing. I am willing and eager to discuss this subject at length with the New York State Athletic Commission and prove my contentions. I have some other minor regulations in mind regarding barred holds, and so forth, but the pointage coupled with the above rule which prevents long drawn out affairs in standing positions, is the solution to the problem now facing professional wrestling.

I do not want to infer by this article that wrestling matches are faked. I merely know of some that were not up-and-up affairs, same as I know of dishonest contests in other branches of sport. There is, however, in wrestling the especial factor already discussed which makes the game peculiarly susceptible to dishonest influence. I consider wrestling the best method of self-defence and a wonderful game. I am willing to take on any boxer in the world in a hand-to-hand struggle, no rules, with Jack Dempsey preferred. This may be taken as a challenge. I will guarantee his defeat with a substantial forfeit.

It is to be regretted in passing that, as I said before, the attitude of the promoter, generally speaking, is that of a business man. He is practising his profession and not promoting for the love of clean sport. A man's ability is not much of a factor in securing matches. The question is, Will this man draw dollars to the box office? Douglas Fairbanks is not much of a wrestler, but he could secure a match with Earl Caddock in Madison Square Garden sooner than the author, so far as the average promoter is concerned.

A world beater may live through and pass his prime without ever gaining the chance to show his ability if the promoter decides he will not draw. There are five well advertised men in the wrestling game—Stanislaus Zbyszko, Wladek Zbyszko, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, Earl Caddock and Joe Stecher. These men have proved time and again their drawing power. A promoter would rather put on one of these highly advertised wrestlers in a big match than a host of others of possibly equal or greater ability.

Why should he take a chance on a new face except in a preliminary match?

John L.'s Bluff Called While the Crowd Gasped

By A. D. PHILLIPS

Tony Newell's barroom on Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, was crowded. John L. Sullivan was up against the bar and around him were gathered his admirers. Among the throng was W. B. Connolly, known from coast to coast as "Buck Cornelious," all-around sport, gambler, fight promoter and rough-and-tumble pugilist.

Buck had been the manager for Denver Smith, Peter Maher and other, lesser known ring heroes. Some remark that the great John L. had made displeased "Buck" and he crashed through to the bar and facing the "Big Un" he pulled from his pocket a big roll of yellow-backs and slamming it down on the bar he thrust his finger into John's face and shouted:

"Here, you big bluff, is $2,000. You and I will go upstairs in a room, no one else with us, and the man that first leaves that room takes this roll with him. Now, you braggart, what do you say?"

John L.'s ruddy face blushed. He edged away saying, "Nothing doing, Buck," while the crowd gasped.

Buck then placed the roll back into his pocket saying, "I knew you wouldn't. Others may take your bluff, but not I."

Amateur Boxing Receives Big Boom

By FREDERICK W. RUBIEN

Secretary-Treasurer Amateur Athletic Union, Secretary American Olympic Association

AMATEUR boxing is one of the most popular sports in this country. Statistics gathered by the Amateur Athletic Union show that upwards of 100,000 boys and young women take part in amateur boxing throughout the country. Under the careful guidance of the Amateur Athletic Union and the Colleges, the sport is growing in an amazing way. Amateur boxing bears a very close relationship to the professional game, since from the amateur ranks are recruited many stars of "pro" circles.

Amateur boxing is one of the best influences the sport as a whole enjoys. In support of the amateurs are drawn men from the highest walks in life who work hard and give much for the promotion of the sport. It is doubtful that if any other country in the world amateur boxing has attracted men of such high type as in this country, especially in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois and New Jersey.

College boxing, which, of course, is amateur, has not had the encouragement it deserves. For several years the sport was fought by college authorities, and in some colleges it still is under the ban. On the whole, however, universities are coming to understand the value of boxing as a general health builder and for teaching nerve control. In the complex life we now lead nerve control is a priceless essential, and many authorities are of the belief that boxing, above any other one thing, promotes nerve control.

Professional boxing was tabooed years and years ago by educators before the A. A. U. succeeded in introducing the sport in colleges as an amateur activity. Of course, individuals were boxers before the sport was accepted on the sports program of our leading colleges. Gradually these individuals spread the gospel, and the Amateur Athletic Union, under James Sullivan, worked untiringly, year after year, and finally brought the sport to its present high standing.

Though we get many good boys from the amateur ranks for the professional field, we seldom get a champion. The amateur code does not encourage advancement into the professional ranks, yet does not frown upon it. Amateur boxing in New York City, Boston and Pittsburg, and San Francisco, has been of long standing, really antedating the Amateur Athletic Union, but it gained its first national growth under the guidance of the A. A. U. And in these cities where professional boxing is highly supported, amateur boxing has proved to be a strong competitor.

In New York City the amateurs have long had a big field, especially since Madison Square Garden opened its doors to the simon pures. It has been fostered for years by the New York Athletic Club, the City Club, the Crescent Athletic Club in Brooklyn, the Glencoe A. C., St. Anselm's National Turners and dozens of smaller clubs. It has paid its way, too, in most cases and for smaller clubs the sport has proved a salvation, bringing in revenue by which these small clubs are enabled to carry on other athletics.

An amateur tournament will bring out a lot of boys representing a most varied number of occupational undertakings. There are clerks in banks, office, factory workers, truck drivers, longshoremen, policemen, firemen, railroad employees, actors, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, dentists, and so on down the long list, all active amateur boxers. And the followers of the sport will be found to be bank presidents, State city and county officials, lawyers, legislators, publishers, and workers in every field, rich and poor alike.

One of the greatest effects amateur boxing has had upon the youth of the country has been its democratic influences. Rich and poor mingle on even terms at these bouts and a feeling of fellowship springs up that has a great bearing on the future of the country.

In the world war the amateur boxers were legion. They sided a great deal in fostering boxing among the American forces, when boxing formed one of the most important parts of the military schooling.

Amateur boxing is such that it is not easily reached by adverse legislation. Though the professional sport may be curbed, may be killed, the amateur boxing will always be with us and will continue to wield its great influence for body building, and democracy.

What we need is more Amateur Boxing. The more the merrier; as a builder of manhood, no sport is more healthy than boxing. The A. A. U. is doing its share. It is up to the public to do its share by supporting the amateur bouts. Once you attend an amateur boxing tournament in Madison Square Garden you become an ardent follower and enthusiast.

In the Next Issue

Continuing its policy of dissecting wrestling and boxing topics that are uppermost in the discussion of the day, THE RING in its next issue will have an article by George Bothner on "Why Wrestling Should Not Be Permitted to Perish." Also an article by Tom O'Rourke on "How toJudge a Boxing Bout."

Boxing's Greatest Announcer, the Clarion-Voiced Joe Humphries, the man who can tame even the wildest of the gallery gods, will recall queer incidents of the ring.

Nat Pendelton, former Olympic athlete, will continue his series on wrestling with an article on wrestling rules that should be adopted by the Olympic Federation.

William McGeehan, sporting editor of *The Herald,* whose Izzy Kaplan stories are masterpieces of humor, will introduce Izzy to the readers of THE RING in a special act entitled "How I Train My Fighter."

James K. McGuinness will continue his series on "Socko, Seventh Rater."

These and other interesting articles in addition to notes of boxers and fight and wrestling results in the April issue.

Subscribe Now, and Get Your Copy by Mail. Only $1.00 per year.

Dempsey a Popular Champion

Jack Dempsey, world's heavyweight champion, who is appearing twice daily at the NewYork Hippodrome, is the most popular boxer since the days of John L. Sullivan. Dempsey is as much at home on the stage as he is in the ring. He is playing before packed houses daily. Dempsey will appear at the Hippodrome for a limited period of one month.

Never Take Anything for Granted— Ask Jewey Smith

ABOUT fourteen years ago Tommy Burns, then heavy-weight champion of the world, was matched to fight Jewey Smith, the South African battler. Jewey, who showed little as a topnotcher when he visited this country but made quite a reputation for himself in England, crossed the Channel and signed articles to meet Tommy in Paris on April 18, 1908 in a ten-round bout for the championship.

The agile Burns was informed that Jewey was one of the most terrific hitters the English Empire had produced since the late Charley Mitchell, and decided he would take no chances. Tommy learned that Smith was a stupid fighter and possessed a "yellow streak." Accordingly Tommy decided on a mode of procedure which worked to perfection.

On the night of the fight Tommy entered the club in a full-dress suit and immediately walked to Smith's dressing - room, where he found Jewey stripping for action. As Burns entered, Smith looked up. The pair had never met before and Tommy was surprised at the Herculean figure that stood before him. Collecting himself, Tommy walked closer to Jewey and remarked:

"So you're the guy that's gonna fight Burns to-night!"

"Yes," growled Smith.

"Why you bloomin' Englishman, you haven't a chance in the world against that Yankee. He'll tie you into knots and then if he ever hits you he'll break you in half."

"Say," continued Tommy, "the man who made this match should be arrested as an accessory on a manslaughter charge. Why, the idea of matching a fellow like you with that great American! You may be all right in England, but where do you come off to think you can lick Tommy Burns. Why, only a few weeks ago he beat two guys in one ring and each could have whipped a dozen like you."

Jewey seemed dazed. He was quivering with fright. If it hadn't been for the big purse he was guaranteed he might have sneaked out of the building and crossed the matchmakers. As it was he entered the ring a beaten man. While waiting for instructions, he kept his eyes glued on the floor and he appeared to be in a state of coma.

It was not until the bell sounded and Burns leaped out of his corner that Jewey looked up and much to his amazement the man confronting him was the fellow who scared him stiff by recounting the wonderful deeds of the great Tommy Burns.

Smith for a moment dropped his guard. Burns crashed a terrific left to his stomach. Jewey was as good as defeated then and there.

The mental strain preceding the start of the contest combined with the force of the body blow made him almost helpless. Burns just toyed with him for four rounds and then a terrific right swing to the jaw ended Jewey's agony in the fifth round.

Moral — Never take things for granted.

Fight Ended in Tenth Round

The following query was received by the editor of THE RING from the Albuquerque *Morning Journal* of Albuquerque, New Mexico:

"Fighter did not leave his chair after bell rang opening tenth round and manager threw sponge into the ring as the gong sounded. Did the fight end in the ninth or tenth round."

Answer: Opponent gets credit for knockout in tenth round. Similar case to that in which Willard figured. Dempsey received credit for knockout in fourth round.

Boxing Champions Here and Abroad

Flyweight, bantamweight, featherweight, lightweight, welterweight, middleweight, light heavyweight and heavyweight title holders in their order.

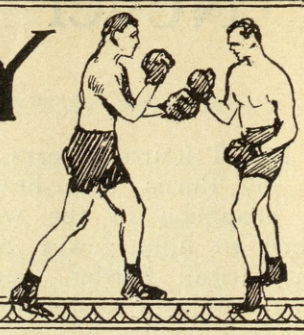
Compiled by Nat Fleischer

AMERICA	ENGLAND	FRANCE	BELGIUM	HOLLAND	ITALY
Johnny Buff	Jimmy Wilde	Bouzonnie	Montreuil	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Johnny Buff	Jim Higgins	Criqui	Spaniers	Ploeg	Marzorati
Johnny Kilbane	Joe Fox	Criqui	Arthur Wyns	(Vacant)	Piacentini
Benny Leonard	Ernie Rice	Papin	Van Houste	Piet Dyskman	Leopold Mariotti
Jack Britton	Ted Kid Lewis	Francis Charles	Hobin	Bishop	A. Zambon
Johnny Wilson	Ted Kid Lewis	(Vacant)	De Vos	Raats	Frattini Bruno
Gene Tunney	Ted Kid Lewis	Carpentier	Leroy	Westbroeck	(Vacant)
Jack Dempsey	Joe Beckett	Carpentier	de Paus	Van der Veer	Erminio Spalla

* * * * * *

GERMANY	SWITZERLAND	SPAIN	AUSTRALIA	EUROPE	WORLD
(Vacant)	(Vacant)	Monterde	Geo. Mendelies	Jimmy Wilde (English)	Jimmy Wilde (Eng.)
(Vacant)	(Vacant)	Valespin	Bert Spargo	Ledoux (French)	Johnny Buff (American)
Sasse	Christian	Miro	Jerry Sullivan	Wyns (Belgian)	Kilbane (American)
Richard Naujocks	Haas	Zaldwar	Sid Godfrey	Ernie Rice (English)	Benny Leonard (Amer.)
Adolphe Wiegert	(Vacant)	Walls	Harry Stone	Hobin (Belgian)	Jack Britton (Amer.)
Kurt Prenzel	(Vacant)	Artero	Frankie Burns	Ted Kid Lewis (Eng.)	Johnny Wilson (Amer.)
Breittenstraeter	(Vacant)	Molero	Albert Lloyd	Carpentier (French)	Carpentier (French)
Breittenstraeter	Clement	Teixidor	George Cook	Carpentier (French)	Dempsey (American)

The HISTORY OF BOXING



Its Origin—First Champion

First of a series of articles tracing the development of the sport

By NAT. FLEISCHER

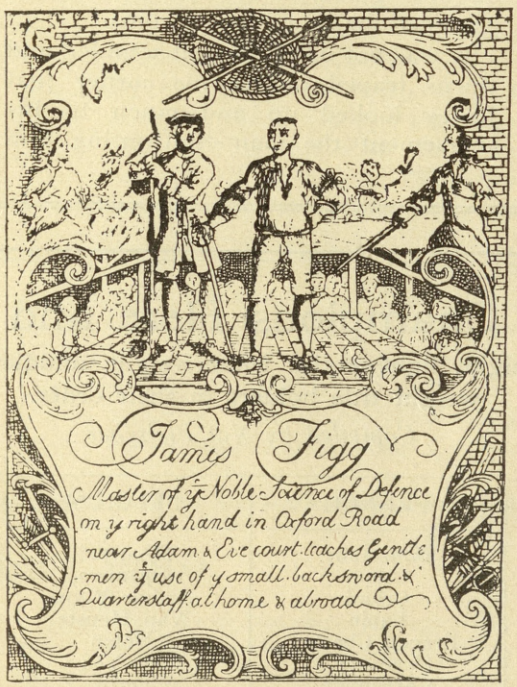
WITH this issue of THE RING the editor will begin a series on the history of boxing which trace the sport from the Grecian days of old to the scientific methods employed by the modern ring generals. This series will embrace articles on the changes boxing rules have undergone, the history of the English champions, the development of the sport in America, the development of the various schools of boxing, the greatest hitters, the most popular heroes of pugilism, international championship matches, negro boxers and their place in the sport, freaks of the ring, trickery employed by the leaders of the profession, double crosses, pretenders to titles, scientific boxers and the bruiser, etc.

This series, a unique one in the history of boxing, will be illustrated with wood cuts, engravings and photographs many of which are out of print, and will make an ideal collection for the student of the sport.

* * *

Boxing, like wrestling, dates back to the period before Christ. We find mention of boxing as far back as Homer. Authoritative books on pugilism trace this sport to Aegeus, father of Theseus, King of Greece, about 1200 B. C. Man needs the art of self-defense to protect himself from attacks and injury and to redress wrong and insult. Individuals as well as nations will have their disputes and quarrels and ofttimes these disputes must be settled in a manner other than with mere words. Hence the need for self-defense. We find in Homer accounts of battles with the cestus, an implement similar to the brass knuckles of the highwayman of the present day. In those days of brutality great heavy gauntlets of hide were used and these were steeped in cow's blood and studded with iron to enhance their vindicating powers.

So far as we can trace, from the time of Aegeus until about the start of the eighteenth century, no form of pugilism worthy of the name was practised. Then with the knights of England occupying the rôle of the sportsman of to-day, boxing suddenly gained new life, mainly through the desire of these noblemen to be entertained with exhibitions of skill, endurance and various forms of hardened sport. Within a short period thereafter we find the first



Card distributed by Figg at his amphitheatre

English champion crowned in the person of James Figg, 1719.

Figg was the creator of boxing in England and with the use of the backsword and quarterstaff he became a master of what he termed "ye noble art of defense."

* * *

The history of the ring from the time of James Figg until the present period is one marked by a gradual elimination of the brutal methods employed in the famous days of the bare-knuckle fighters to the harmless glove contests which we so much now enjoy.

It is the taint of the old prize ring that still hovers over us and is the cause of existing opposition to boxing in many States of the Union. Boxing is the sport of the red-blooded man and needs no defense. The days of the record-breaking 110-round bout between Andy Bowen and Jack Burke at New Orleans in 1893 are gone. The days of the barroom brawls are a thing of the past. The days of the excursion-boat fistic encounters are no longer with us. We have entered a new era—an era that means success to one of the greatest sports that the world can boast of.

Figg, the father of modern champions, ruled from 1719 to 1734. The science of boxing in his day and for many years after was of the crudest. The system of give and take was adopted and practised considerably by Figg and the men he taught. He who could hit the hardest was received with highest favors among his fellow men.

Figg's name spread like wildfire and we find him often mentioned in such publications as the Tattler, Guardian and Craftsman, the leading publications of his time. In his desire to spread the art of boxing Figg opened an amphitheatre, which was well patronized. His placards distributed at the Southwark Fair showed that in addition to boxing Figg was the master at parrying the broadsword, backsword and at cudgelling. In the last named he had no peer.

After the retirement of Figg there was a lapse of about ten years before another great fighter came to the fore in the person of Jack Broughton, generally recognized as the founder of modern boxing and the father of the first set of fighting rules. It was he

(*Continued on page* 22)

Verse and Anecdotes Picked Up at Random

Sam Didn't Care to Wait

Some time ago, when Sam Langford was at his best, he was induced to go to a small city in Massachusetts to engage in a six-round bout with a local product, who happened to be a waiter. The promoter, knowing Sam's ability, pleaded with him to let the waiter stay the limit and Sam agreed to give the crowd a run for its money.

The waiter was tipped off before the bout that Sam would pull his punches and he proceeded to make a name for himself at Sam's expense.

In the first two rounds the waiter peppered Sam and angered the negro, who was pulling his blows.

When the gong sounded for the third round Sam bounded out of his corner with business in his eyes. He held out his hands to shake with the waiter, and the latter, thinking that Sam had been misinformed to the number of rounds, said:

"What's the matter, Sam? This isn't the last round."

"There ain't goin' to be no last round," replied Sam. "This here thing has done gone far enough," and with that he let loose a terrific left to the waiter's bread basket and a right to the jaw, and the waiter look a long, deep sleep.

* * *

Sent to Mutilate Decent Folk

When John L. Sullivan first struck Philadelphia, in his prime he offered $50 to anyone who could stay four rounds with him. Big Fred Crossley, an English life guardman, six feet six inches tall, accepted through the taunting of Arthur Chambers.

The two men went into the ring, with Chambers seconding Crossley. Hardly one minute had expired of the first round when Sullivan tapped Crossley on the nose with his left, as customary, and like a flash brought across his right to the chin, and down went Crossley.

Chambers encouraged the loftly soldier to continue after a few seconds' rest, and in less than a minute Crossley was down again in his own corner. He arose to his hands and knees, and looking Chambers in the eye, said:—

"Do you think this is a soft job like you told me?"

"Certainly, you big bull. Get up and go at 'im agin'."

"Go at 'im agin!" muttered Crossley. "You come up 'ere and go at 'im for a punch or two. I'm bloody well exhausted, an' me bleedin' molars are as loose as a blarsted zillefone. I've 'ad enough of this bloomin' game. I'm nothin' but a 'uman ten pin."

In after years Crossley used to allude to Sullivan as an "un'uman bein' sent here to mutilate decent folk and put the British army to scorn."

* * *

It Evens Up

Your defense may show a flaw;
Fate may slip one past your guard,
Drive a fist against your jaw,
Hook one to the body, hard.
What of that? Of course you can
Drop and quit—that's understood.
But in life a **fighting man**
Takes the bad breaks with the good.

If a wallop on the chin
Stretches you upon the floor,
But you rise and, tearing in,
Start a fierce attack once more,
You may reach Fate with a swing
That shall make your backers glad.
Life's a fifty-fifty thing—
Take the good breaks with the bad.

—Grantland Rice

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* * *

That's Why.

It may be he can't hit a lick,
But just is strangely clever;
It may be that he has the kick,
And science none whatever;
It may be he's a man who'll feel
A punch from any angle,
Or that he has a jaw of steel
A hammer couldn't mangle;
You really never do know why
It is you like the blighter,
But to yourself you can't deny
He is your favorite fighter.
Whate'er his merits or his flaws
He brings you keen delight
And is your favorite because
You like to see him fight.

—By Walter Trumbull

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"He Put Him Out"

Kid Broad was working for Honest John Kelly when Kelly had a hotel at Rye Beach.

There was a politician from Rye who, when he drank, would go down to Kelly's place and pester the life out of Kelly.

One night he was in the dining-room and Kelly had got out of sight so as to keep away from him.

Finally he called Kid Broad over and pointed out this politician to Broad and said:—"Go over and put that fellow out."

The Kid went over to the politician and said to him:—"Get up here." When the fellow stood up the Kid measured him and with a good hearty swing nailed him right on the jaw—out for fair.

Kelly ran over from his hiding place with his hands in the air, shouting:—"What have you done? You've ruined me!"

Broad looked at him in surprise and said:—"You told me to put him out, didn't you? He's out, ain't he?"

* * *

Praying for a Soft Spot

During the latter days of the Horton law there was a negro boxer by the name of "Parson" Allen. "Parson" was a deacon in a colored church. Before each contest Allen used to kneel down in the ring, fold his hands and say a prayer. One night the "Parson" was knocked out in the second round. After he came to in his corner some of the ringsiders attempted to josh him.

"Well, Parsons," remarked one of them, "the Lord didn't seem to pay much attention to your prayers tonight, did he?"

"Brother," answered the "Parson," "Ah reckon you-all doan' know what I was done prayin' for. Ah knew what a tough baby this yeah fellow was so I jes' ask the good Lord for a soft spot to land on."

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Referees' Mistakes and How to Avoid Them

By TOM O'ROURKE,
New York State Boxing Commissioner

BOXERS are as much troubled today as they have ever been regarding the clean break, which some referees talk about with as little idea of its meaning as have those they are addressing—whether spectators or principals. Our contests are allegedly controlled by Marquis of Queensbury rules. I say allegedly, because many things are allowed or disallowed by officials in charge of matches in direct opposition to the laws mentioned.

I have asked numbers of referees what they understand by a clean break, and rarely, indeed, have any two explanations been in agreement, while often no clear idea could be conveyed. One man who acts frequently, said, to his mind, a clean break meant that the boxers should be at least a full arm's length away from each other before either might strike a blow. Another prominent referee's view of a clean break was that the fighter's must disconnect and "get set" (have their hands in position, presumably) before resuming hostilities. Could anything be more absurd? What a nice task a referee makes for himself when he decides to say whether a blow has come from a "full arm's length" off, or otherwise, and whether one boxer punches another before that other "gets set" in the recognized way.

Again, we hear referees talk "clean break," and at the same time announce that either fighter may hit at any time he has both hands free, no matter what his position, which is a proper and a correct interpretation of the rules; but if a man shall not resume operations until he is a full arm's length away, or until his adversary gets set, where does the right to hit at any moment both arms are free come in?

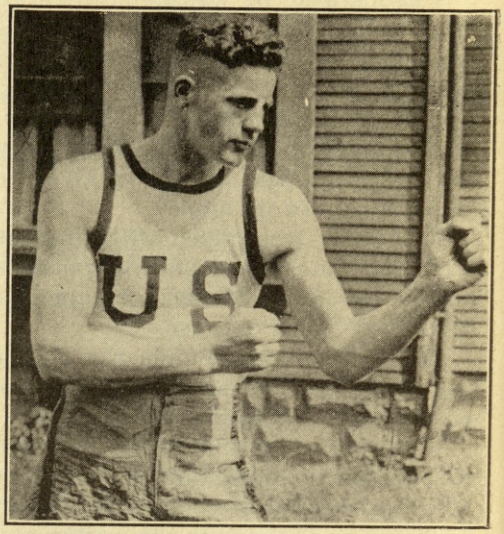
It is a well-known fact that the clean break is more in vogue in the upper part of the State and in Canada, where if one man had his opponent's left over his shoulder, and if the opponent struck a blow in that position it would be a foul, and bring about disqualification. Surely it is about time a school for referees was established. Such an institution is apparently as much a necessity in connection with boxing as it was considered to be with regard to football a little while ago.

The "clean break" in an American creation—as distinct from hitting in clinches, a style of fighting which is more often than not allowed in this country, and is something that I am a great believer in. To hit in clinches means that one may hit away with his free arm if his opponent should hold his other arm, or hit with both hands if they are free, even if his opponent remain idle by clinching when he might bring his own hands (both of which are at liberty) into action.

A clean break means nothing more or less than when the order to "break" is given a boxer clinching shall release his grip, and attack immediately both his arms are free (precisely what is provided in the Marquis of Queensbury rules on boxing), and that attack may be made right on the instant. A man whose lead has been taken over the shoulder of another cannot by any stretch of the imagination he said to be clinching, and consequently should not be prevented from "landing one" if he sees an opening.

Now then, referees all, let us have an intelligent interpretation of the so-called clean break in future. The stipulation clean break is superfluous. The boxer who is only a "sparrer" should not be pandered to by compelling a "full arm's length" position, or being given time to "get set" before fighting may be resumed after a clinch. If this practice becomes general it will knock the interest in the game on the head, and also do away with the necessity for a hard course of training, as when men may have time to "get set" or move a full arm's length away from each other before being forced to fight again, they will clinch as often as they feel inclined and be as slow in complying with the conditions as they may wish.

No referee should, according to Marquis of Queensbury rules, go between the combatants or sunder them in any way unless they are holding, for only then can they be clinched. If one man only holds so much the worse for him, as both his opponent's hands are free. Should a referee consider that an arm over a shoulder appears to be holding while its owner is punching with the other fist, he must just lift the limb from the position without breaking the boxers apart.



Bob Martin, A.E.F. heavyweight inter-allied champion

Bob Martin to Tour Country and Aid American Legion

Bob Martin, Inter-Allied champion heavyweight, has decided upon a new method to gain popularity and force a few of the top notchers of the heavyweight division to give him recognition. With the aid of "Handsome" Jimmy Bronson, his manager, a man who in his conversations reminds one of a college professor because of his choice of words and splendid command of the English language, Martin has obtained the support of the American Legion Posts throughout the country and will appear under their jurisdiction in a series of bouts that will carry Bob clear across the continent after which he will tour the South and North. The entire tour to take Martin about a year.

Martin's manager was one of the leading spirits in K. of C. work overseas during the war and had charge of the arrangements for the gigantic boxing tournament in Pershing stadium which was seen by more than 1,000,000 soldiers. Bronson still is for the soldier boy, especially the fellow who was wounded and needs attention.

It was with the object of creating funds which the American Legion posts will use to help the sick, the wounded, and the down-and-out soldier that Martin's trip was arranged but Bronson also realizes that the jaunt will enhance the reputation of his popular battler and figures that from both angles the trip will be a huge success. Martin will be seen in action in twenty-five of the leading cities and will start in a few weeks.

Billiards Interests the Best Class of Our Citizens

By TOM GALLAGHER

WHILE admirers of Willie Hoppe continue to bemoan his loss of the world's 18.2 balkline billiard title to Jake Schaefer, it seems safe to say that the defeat of the hitherto perpetual champion was one of the finest things which has happened in the game in years. Hoppe, as champion, was a credit to billiards and did more than his share to bring the sport to a high plane. But with Hoppe's continued tenure of the title there seemed to be a gradual falling off in interest. Competition is life—and with Willie always in the ascendant there was mighty little real competition.

There is an excellent chance that when Hoppe encounters Schaefer again in their coming return match the laurels will return to their old wearer. This too would make the battle all the keener. The professional balkline game needs the zest which comes with the life of competition —regardless of who holds the title, be it Hoppe or Schaefer or Cochran, the Belgian Horemans, or the French champion cueist.

Even the passing of the title to a foreigner might prove a salutary development, for it would give to Americans a greater incentive than ever. We all remember the splendid benefits reaped by billiards through Hoppe's sensational triumph over Vignaux in Paris. It was that victory which really made the Newburgh expert, and which brought to American Billiards the glories of the prime of Ives and old Jake Schaefer, burnished to greater brilliancy.

While billiards grows and prospers and intrigues the interest of best class of our citizens it faces the misguided attentions of the professional reformers. From Albany we hear that an attempt is being made to force billiard-room keepers to close their places of entertainment and recreation on Sundays. Why the P. R. should pick on the cue game is rather hard to understand. A man playing on his home table would be inside the law, but a billiardist playing on a public table would be guilty of a heinous crime. It is safe to say that this movement will be squelched.

The attack on the billiard room is nothing new. In the old days it was, to some extent, justified by conditions in many of the rooms of New York. A few objectional places still exist. But for the most part the billiard rooms of New York are as orderly and as well conducted as the theaters, the ball parks and other high-class places of amusement and recreation. The room keepers have cleaned things up and made the old style "pool parlor" a pariah, without standing.

If the law moves against unsanitary cellar hangouts of the old style, all the more power to it. But the citizens who fought for Sunday baseball and got it would resent any action against the high type of billiard room which now prevails in New York.

Billiards Reaches Height of Popularity

THE competitive billiard season now approaching a finish has been unusually entertaining and prosperous. What is the reason Activity in amateur and professional circles.

Contributing causes were the presence of Edward Horemans, the spectacular Belgian; the return to tournaments open to the world and challenge matches for professional championships; the defeat of William F. Hoppe by Jacob Schaefer, son of the late "Wizard," the progressive and contributive genius who made the game what it is to-day; the arrival of Roger Conti, the twenty-year-old leader of French professionals; the high runs and averages made in the tournament for the balkline championship, at Chicago; the enterprise of the National Association of Amateur Billiard Players, which brought from Amsterdam, Holland, Ary Bos, amateur champion of Europe, and Edward Rondil, of Montpellier, France, amateur champion of Europe in 1921; and the achievements of Edgar T. Appleby, of this city who won the National Championship, at the Crescent Athletic Club, Brooklyn, and the international competition, at the Manufacturers' Club, Philadelphia.

Other outstanding features were the sparkling performances of E. Ralph Greenleaf, who seems invincible in the professional pocket division, and J. Howard Shoemaker, of the New York Athletic Club, for eight years supreme among exponents of amateur pocket billiards.

New York roomkeepers who have been active and liberal promoters of professional and amateur events are Maurice Daly, John T. Doyle, Joseph Thum, Charles Klein, the Cranfield Amusement Company, The Morningside Academy, Frank Dwyer, of the Rational Recreation, Brooklyn, the Madison Billiard Rooms and Lawler Brothers, Brooklyn.

Another element of special interest is represented in the person of Erik Hagenlacher, professional champion of Germany, who arrived January 1, and, now, having become acclimated and accustomed to strange and embarassing conditions, is displaying skill of a quality that compels respect by all professionals.

Burns Off to England

Frank Burns, middleweight champion of Australia, has joined the ranks of the Australian champions abroad. Dissatisfied with the few and far between contests, he packed his bag and set sail for England, from Melbourne last month.

He is going to join Charlie Lucas, manager of George Cook and Albert Lloyd, in London. Frank is a strong fellow, big and an awkward boxer. What he will do to the English middleweights remains to be seen. His record includes two K. O. victories over Tommy Uren and he is the only man to stop Jimmy Clabby in Australia.

Monahan Unlucky in Sydney

Jerry Monahan, the American lightweight who came to Sydney, Australia, from the Philippines recently, boxed his first contest at the Sydney Stadium on December 31st. His opponent was Silvino Jamito, the Filipino. At the end of 20-rounds Referee Joe Wallis declared a draw. The verdict was not well received, press and public alike thinking that Monahan won by a fair margin.

Monahan gave a splendid display of straight left and left hook work, and brought an excellent uppercut (right) into play many times. Jamito was very wild in his work and did not show up to his usual good form. Monahan was a full lightweight and Jamito 2¼ pounds over featherweight.

Why the Ideals of the International Sporting Club Should not Perish

An Interview with Gutzum Borglum

By VERNON VAN NESS

"THE ideals of sport must be carefully nurtured and forever guarded."

Those are the words of Gutzum Borglum, noted sculptor, man of the world, behind whose artistic temperament lies the idea of making this, the greatest sport-loving country in the world, the truest in sportsmanship. By ideals, he believes, this can be accomplished and sports, athletic endeavors of all kinds, can grow and grow to the everlasting benefit of this nation and mankind.

Mr. Borglum has an original idea for furthering his object. It was the idea that prompted a number of wealthy and energetic citizens to create the International Sporting Club which promises still to be a great factor in the sporting life of America.

Realizing that commercialized sport had to be taken in hand, and believing that boxing was the greatest of all sports, the one most natural to every red-blooded American youth, Gutzum Borglum and a few other men who were willing to sacrifice their time and money and suffer much inconveniences, decided to organize a club that would put ideals into commercialized boxing, something that one must admit foreshadowed untold difficulties.

These difficulties have come to pass and for the time being have thrown the International Sporting Club back after a valiant fight. But the I. S. C. is by no means through.

"These ideals must not perish," declared Mr. Borglum the other day when asked to tell the readers of THE RING why the "Ideals on which the International Sporting Club was founded, should be kept alive."

"They mean too much to the general public. I am not sure that the precise intent of these ideals were ever properly set forth to the public. In fact it was not our intention in the beginning to advertise the ideals. What we sought was complete organization, the practical side of the affair, then we intended to spread broadcast our propaganda of idealism.

"But, unfortunately, the practical organization has for the moment been halted, leaving the ideals alone untouched. So I believe that now is a very excellent time to tell what these ideals are and what they mean to the world. Others can, and should, take them up. If ideals perish sports will perish.

"I do not want to be misunderstood. Long before the International Sporting Club came into existence, the boxing sport and other sports were well grown and firmly established, so for me to say that disregard of the I. S. C.'s ideals would be fatal to sport would be to state an error that would sound ridiculous.

"There have always been ideals in sports. Sporting men could not be sporting men without ideals. The thing is that ideals must be kept apace with the progress of sports.

This is true to a greater extent in boxing than in any other sport. Time had shown that the ideals of the Greeks, for instance, were not being fostered in boxing and that commercialism was creeping into the game and robbing it of much of its strength and future chances of prosperity.

"It was simply a case of our modern conditions overlapping idealism. No one can deny but that commercialized sports have come to stay. It is merely a phase of the modern epoch.

"But looking beyond, we, that is, myself and other gentlemen who became interested in the International Sporting Club, believed that there could be created a power that would supply idealism to commercialized sports, especially boxing. We believe to this day that this end can be attained.

"Our idea was, of course, to control to a certain extent the conduct of boxing. In this manner it would not have been hard to instill idealism. But even without rigid control of the sort that a great sporting club of wealth and power could use, it is possible to have idealism in boxing and it is to those gentlemen of the sporting world who are worthy of being called sportsmen that I appeal in asking that the ideals that we proposed and those that would naturally have followed, in fact all of the ideals that carry with them honor and true sportsmanship, be fostered and be not allowed to perish. The International Sporting Club is the means for fostering this spirit in boxing.

"Boxers and managers are naturally seeking financial gain these days. We expected and knew all about that. We were willing that they should profit. We think, that they should and know that they will.

Financial reward is small enough reward for the boxers. But the commercial side of boxing need not be the predominating one. True sportsmanship must dominate the character of every boxing enthusiast. It can be accomplished. It is a matter of hard work, unceasing work over a period of years. I firmly believe that through an instrument such as the International Sporting Club the result can be achieved.

"It must be brought home to the boxers and managers and promoters and public that there is something greater than money. That public esteem is of greater moment than mere money glory.

"Americans are, as a general rule, the finest, cleanest of sportsmen. But outside of the college and amateur ranks, where glory alone is sought, money has been permitted to take first consideration in professional boxing. As I stated this is natural and cannot be eliminated. But idealism can go hand and hand with commercialism and this is the end we must all seek.

"What will ultimately come from this caldron of mixed motives only time can tell. Every boy is proud of something he has accomplished by his skill, upon his merits, and even if it has brought him pay he need be no less proud. But can anyone be proud of unmerited gain, unfought for glory? Of course not. The ideal thing is to fight this life honestly and courageously and prosper in a material way as much as possible.

"That, in a nutshell, is the kernel of the theory of idealism which the International Sporting Club stands for.

"Again I appeal to Americans to preserve this idealism in sports, in boxing. It is the greatest thing we have. Let it live and let a revivified International Sporting Club be its standard bearer."

The History of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 18)

who, after engaging in several bruising battles in which there was an absolute disregard of all ethics of sport, came to the conclusion that boxing would progress more rapidly were it regulated by some kind of a code. Accordingly in 1743 he formulated the first set of boxing rules—rules that stripped the sport from a portion of its ruffianism and barbarity and brought the game somewhat within the code of respectability.

Broughton was the first to introduce stopping and barring blows, then hitting and getting away. Before him all boxing consisted of toe to toe work of downright hammering. His boxing gained him many admirers and his excellent manners and temper made him a favorite among England's nobility.

(*To be continued*)

One Minute Rests Between the Rounds

By UPPERCUT

According to reports from Cincinnati, where Jeff Smith fought a draw with Harry Greb a fortnight ago, had Jeff stepped on the gas and speeded up a bit in the last few rounds he might have succeeded in shading the Pittsburgh cyclone, but Smith was not aggressive enough. George Engel, manager of Greb, declares that Greb took things a wee bit too easy, but that if the two ever meet again he would be willing to bet his end of the purse that Greb scores a decisive victory. At that Engel refuses to admit that the draw verdict of the newspapermen was warranted. He thinks Greb won despite the fact that Greb's left eye was injured and his face swollen.

The fact that the bout between Jack Britton and George Shade in Madison Square Garden in New York City did not draw as big a house as some of the other championship bouts staged under the direction of Tex Rickard led many close followers of boxing to remark that the majority of fans nowadays want a slugging match and do not care much for science.

Midget Smith, managed by Harry Neary, is getting ready for an extensive spring and summer campaign. The Midget, after a slight illness that forced him temporarily into retirement, looks the picture of health, and, by many who have seen him recently in training, he is being touted as the next bantam champion. Smith is just aching to get a crack at Buff.

Incidentally it might be remarked that Johnny Buff will soon be a busy little man himself. Lew Diamond, his manager, declares that Buff will pass no man in the divisions in which he holds the titles, but that Johnny being the champion, he naturally will expect to receive what he considers a just reward for any battle he may engage in.

The future of the boxing game was never brighter than at present. Big clubs are opening up all over the country, especially in and around New York, Cleveland, Boston, St Louis and New Orleans. Cleveland is about to complete a civic auditorium with a seating capacity of 15,000, where boxing will be held. It is expected that the first show will be held within a month.

Johnny Dundee, whose recent challenge to Johnny Kilbane, backed by a deposit of $10,000 with Tex Rickard and a certified check of $2,000 with the New York State Boxing Commission to show his good faith, has started a commotion that will not down. Johnny's declaration that he will lay claim to the championship in the event Kilbane refuses to meet him within six months, was sent broadcast, and as a result the newspapers are being flooded with literature. Rival boxers and their managers are working overtime to convince the sporting editors and boxing experts that Johnny has no right to ask for first call at a crack at Kilbane's championship.

The Tom Gibbons-Harry Greb match at Madison Square Garden, March 13th, is the biggest attraction New York has had since the Leonard-Kansas bout, which drew $114,000 net. The profits will go to the New York Milk Fund. When the match was made Tex Rickard offered the committee a $70,000 profit to assure a big success of the venture. It was refused.

Madison Square Garden has taken in over a million dollars in boxing matches since the present season opened with Buff and Herman in September. That match started it off with a $60,000 house. Leonard and Kansas tops the twenty-six shows with the above figures with Babe Herman and Johnny Reisler drawing the smallest house, $12,000.

The contemplated Leonard-White match will likely be held in the open air. Benny hurt his right hand in his bout with Pal Moran at New Orleans White will not stand for a no-decision bout and wants the match to be at weight and to a decision.

White is sure he has a good chance for the light-weight title if he can get the champion to tip the beam at 135 pounds. He had Benny on the ropes at Benton Harbor for the count of five and accuses Leonard of hitting him on the break when he was knocked out, a violation of the rules agreed on.

Johnny Wilson is going to Italy. The middleweight champion says that if the New York State Boxing Commission refuses to lift the ban on him he will tour Italy and possibly make a few matches while on the other side.

John Ringling and Inglis Uppercu, New York agent for the Detroit-Cadillac Motor Co., are to complete the big bicycle tract near Van Courtlandt Park, New York, where open-air bouts will be held aside from the sprint and motor-paced races. It is a beautifully appointed location and the structure will be ideal for boxing with a seating capacity of 25,000.

Marty Cross, the New York welterweight, certainly is deserving of all the credit in the world for his willingness to concede all sorts of weight to his opponents in order to procure matches. Although Marty's best fighting avoirdupois is 146 pounds, he has battled such middleweights and light-heavies as Harry Greb, Bryan Downey, Tommy Robson, Jock Malone, Dave Rosenberg, and the like.

The Midget Smith-Joe Lynch match is still hanging fire since the former was taken ill six weeks ago. It is likely that the go will come off in the Garden some time in May. There are four dates in the Garden in May before the big swimming pool opens up for the summer.

Charley White's showing against Willie Jackson, whom he dropped twice and won the decision over at Madison Square Garden, was far superior to the showing of Lew Tendler against Jimmy Duffy. Duffy was stopped in eight rounds, claiming a foul which was not allowed by referee Kid McPartland. It was the consensus of opinion of those at the ringside the blow was fair, although Tendler hit low three times during the bout.

Mike Gibbons will be in New York to advise brother Tom in his training for the latter's bout with Greb, March 17th, at Madison Square Garden. Gibbons is favorite in the bout at 8 to 5 in betting circles. They fought three times, Greb winning the last newspaper verdict in Pittsburgh when they fought in a blinding rain and thunder storm.

The Pioneer Club in New York played to a capacity house when McTigue and Young Fisher boxed on Washington's Birthday McTigue won the decision easily. The receipts were $62,000, two thousand fans being turned away.

Without delving into the merits of the case, THE RING wishes to go on record with the statement that Dundee has fought the best men in the featherweight and lightweight divisions, ofttimes has given away many pounds to his rivals, and in all the years he has been fighting he never has refused to meet any opponent where the proper conditions prevailed. Johnny is a popular boy, and attacks directed at Dundee because of his refusal to meet boys who believe they have a chance to beat him but have been unable to get a promoter to guarantee a sufficient sum for such battle, seems to be misdirected.

On his return to Chicago from New York after his victory over Willie Jackson, Charley White was presented with a baby girl by his wife. Charley drew down a guarantee of $10,000 for the bout, which will be plenty with which to buy a few rattles for the pride of the household.

Writing from London, Ed Dyer, well-known boxing critic, says that Tommy Burns, former heavyweight champion of the world, and now running a hotel and bar at Newcastle, England, is making a desperate effort to try and bring off a Carpentier-Dempsey return match at Newcastle.

"Tommy continues to delude himself into the idea that he will be able to pull off the Carpentier-Dempsey match," says Mr. Dyer, "but such a meeting is not at all probable. Tommy tells the sport writers what a boom it would be for Newcastle and quotes the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno, Nev., in support of his argument. However, it is different here than in America as regards traveling, and besides neither Dempsey nor Carpentier are of British nationality, which makes a big difference.

"Tommy has not considered either the probable opposition he would have from the authorities, as British sportsmen, as a whole, do not approve the match. Boxing goes on in Newcastle every week, but when it comes to an affair of that kind the promoting would not be so easy."

"Willie O'Connell, who recently turned professional, looks like a coming champion," declares Scotty Monteith. "The little New Yorker has engaged in 17 bouts since turning pro and has won all. He weighs only 112 pounds but is willing to fight all comers up to 118 pounds.

Looks like Johnny Dundee will have a long wait before he bets Johnny Kilbane in the ring with him. The featherweight king says that Dundee will have to beat Danny Frush first and then wait until he gets back from his trip abroad next Fall. Dundee has a $10,000 forfeit posted with Matchmaker Frank Flournoy, of Madison Square Garden, to bind the match.

During the past month, three fights have been staged in Madison Square Garden in which the decisive blow struck by one of the principals in a main bout was seen by only a handful of spectators. Only those in a position directly in front of the contestants on each occasion were able to see the deciding punch with the result that almost all the spectators were in a quandary as to what had happened. Such was the case in the recent Wills-Norfolk fight in which about five or six persons were in a position to see a short right uppercut traveling less than six inches, put Norfolk out.

Despite the cry of "fake" by many of the spectators, the writer was directly in front of Wills, and will go on record as stating that it never has been his pleasure to see such splendidly-judged blow land on an opponent in so important a match. Wills first planted a short right to the heart and before Referee Kid McPartland could separate the contestants, Wills raised the blow that sent him a notch nearer the fight with Jack Dempsey.

Frank Flournoy, new matchmaker of Madison Square Garden, is one of the finest fellows in the boxing game. His personality will gain him a horde of friends. Pete, The Goat, Leo Flynn's former adviser, is acting in the capacity of assistant matchmaker to Flournoy.

Young boys who are studying in college for a professional career are beginning to find boxing a good means for obtaining sufficient tuition to enable attendance. The recent publicity which Wedge, the former boxer and Western lumberjack gained by being turned down when seeking admission at Harvard only to have the Dean pass favorably upon his application a few days later, brings to mind the fact that in New York City there are two boys who are doing fine work both as students and as boxers. One is Harvey Bright, who is attending the Long Island Medical College, and the other is Johnny Murray, one of Jimmy Johnston's boys, who is studying at New York Law School. Bright, managed by Clarence Gillespie, is a featherweight, and Johnston's boy is a classy, hard-hitting lightweight. Both are clean-living lads, well liked in the circles in which they move, gentlemen through and through.

A lad that will bear watching is Harry London, who has been dubbed the Crashing Cossack. This little New York bantam, boxing slightly over a year, has compiled quite a record. He has lost only two decisions in twenty-six bouts, Abe Goldstein and Sammy Nable having scored over him. London has knocked out eleven of his opponents. London is an aggressive, two-fisted young man, with quite a sock packed in his right fist.

A boy who is practically unknown to New York boxing fans, but who, according to reports, is one of the likeliest-looking lightweights in this section of our well-known land, is Benny Cohen, who hails from Orange, N. J. Cohen's entire fistic career embraces but seventeen bouts, but among the boys Benny met were Mickey Donley, Jimmy Sullivan, Mickey Walker, Shamus O'Brien, Harry Carlson, and Sailor Friedman. Benny knocked out Tommy Speno, Bunt Forfar, and Sailor Jack Denley. Cohen is a neat boxer and a terrific puncher. Nursed along carefully, he ought to develop into one of the country's foremost lightweights in another year or so.

Nate Lewis, of the well-known fistic combination of Walsh and Lewis, is flitting about town these days shouting the praises of Bud Christiano, Chicago's junior lightweight, who made quite a hit in Madison Square Garden recently in his bout with Freddie Jacks. Nate believes Christiano has the "makings" of one of the best battlers of his weight in the business, and has fond visions of closing for his boy to scrap with Johnny Dundee for the 130-pound title at some not too distant date. "And I think Bud stands a very good chance of beating Dundee," says Nate.

Georgie Ward and Mickey Walker, the two Elizabeth, N. J., welterweights, who are rated well up in Jack Britton's division, are keen for a crack at veteran Jack's title. Ward never met Britton, but after giving the champion the north and south on several occasions, has arrived at the conclusion that he can lick Britton. Walker met the champion in Newark last summer and was credited with holding him to a draw.

Sam Goldman is contemplating another trip to that deah ol' Lunnon shortly. Sam will take along with him Pete Herman, former world's bantam champion, and Young Montreal, the crack Providence younster, who only recently returned to the ring after an absence of six months, dating from the night he put his left foot out of commission while battling Midget Smith at the Boxing Drome. Herman and Montreal will box on the same card, it is said.

Pete will meet Joey Fox, who now holds the British featherweight title, while Monty will mingle with Eugene Criqui, the French bantam who recently knocked out Charlie Ledoux in one round in Paris. Herman is well-known in England, having stopped both Jimmy Wilde and Jimmy Higgins. Montreal twice licked Herman in Boston last year, and Goldman figures that the Providence youngster, on the strength of these victories, will prove as big a card in England as Herman.

Frankie Genaro, formerly world's amateur flyweight champion, who has been boxing professionally for nearly two years, appears to be the most likely-looking midget in the country just now. Genaro, in seventeen bouts as a pro, has not lost a decision, and among the boys he whipped were Johnny Rosner (twice), Willie (Kid) Wolfe, Leo Reynolds, Joey Leon, Joe Dillon and Midget Joe Coletti. Genaro is keen for a crack at Johnny Buff's American flyweight title, but does not expect to be accommodated so long as Buff also holds the world's bantam championship. Genara is a fast, aggressive, two-handed battler, and, while not a particularly hard puncher, throws his wallops with speed and from all angles.

The boxing fans are having a hard time of it in their own windy city of Chicago. They love the game and would like to patronize it, but cannot do so because it is barred by the powers that be. However, a few of them at a time are permitted to enjoy a scrap now and then at the steamer Commodore, tied to the pier in Chicago, but only about 1,000 can get into the same at one time. It is the old steamer Eastland, which turned over at her dock in Chicago a few years ago, and later was turned over to the government. The bouts are held under supervision of the navy department and are well conducted. It is too bad that an annex to the Commodore should not be built so as to accommodate another 3,000 or 4,000 fans. What a treat it would be for the died-in-the-wool fans! Some of these days the powers that be will grant the right to the fans to have their little game of boxing and then all will be happy! But why wait?

With Georges Carpentier boxing Ted Kid Lewis in London in April there is a good chance of the Frenchman meeting the winner of the Greb-Gibbons match in Jersey City this summer He should have little trouble with Lewis, who is thirty-five pounds lighter than the frog.

Dave Rosenberg, of Brooklyn, is rapidly coming to the front, and it will take a first-class man to beat him. Rosenberg has won forty-five bouts out of forty-seven. He lost decisions to Italian Joe Gans and Mike Gibbons.

Jack Dempsey took Boston by storm the week he showed there, it being necessary to call out the police reserves to hold the crowds in check. Jack is signed for a month at the Hippodrome, New York, after which he will start work for a bout in the big Jersey City Arena. The big fellow looks fit and will need little work to round into condition.

Jimmy Dunn, of Cleveland, will not be satisfied until Johnny Buff gives Carl Tremaine a crack at the bantam title. Tremaine made a big hit in New York when he stopped Harold Farese. Looks like the best puncher of them all.

Bryan Downy, now claiming the middle-weight crown, is being hustled along by his manager Jimmy Dunn, who intends to keep Bryan going every week until he cleans up every middleweight in the country. His knockout victory over Happy Littleton was a sterling performance. Downey and Fay Keiser may open up the big auditorium in Cleveland in about a month's time.

Billy Gibson looks forward to having a successful summer with his champ Benny Leonard. Starting with the Kansas fight in Madison Square Garden last month, Benny should clean up a quarter of a million dollars before the warm weather is over.

Frank Bagley is being lauded for his exceptionally good work in handling Willie Jackson against Charley White. Willie was flat on his back in the thirteenth round when the bell rang, but "Doc" brought him around so that Jackson was able to weather the remaining two rounds.

Bagley and Al Lippe, managers of Jeff Smith and Gene Tunney, respectively, are trying to beat each other to a crack at Georges Carpentier. Both are negotiating with the Frenchman's manager, but it is likely that the latter will not make any definite plans until after the Kid Lewis-Carpentier bout in London in April.

Nate Lewis has posted a forfeit of $1,000 with Matchmaker Frank Flourney, of Madison Square Garden, for his gladiator Joe Burman to meet Johnny Buff. Burman showed once in the Garden, beating Midget Smith. Bud Chritiano, who has draws with Willie Jackson and Andy Chaney, is ready to accept Johnny Dundee's challenge to Kilbane now that the featherweight champion refuses to box until he returns from Europe.

Joe Welling, another boxer in the Nate Lewis stable, is back from Portland and will start a fresh Eastern campaign in New York against Clonie Tate in an eight-rounder to the Greb-Gibbons match on March 13th.

Willie Jackson, although badly whipped in his recent bout with Charley White, demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is one of the gamest fighters in the ring to-day. New fellows would even attempt to rise after being floored with the blow that White landed on Jackson, yet Willie, practically out on his feet, gave such remarkable exhibition that for once Willie received the plaudits of practically every man and woman in the Madison Square Garden arena. He made more friends than he ever had. Far from being a "has-been" because of his knockdown at the hands of White, Willie is more popular now than ever. Another fight between White and Willie would pack the Garden, and it is our prediction 10,000 fans would be turned away. There is victory even in defeat.

Sam Goldman has returned from a little trip and soon expects to have his former champion, Pete Herman, in the ring with Johnny Buff. Herman, according to reports from New Orleans, has taken splendid care of himself and is fit as a fiddle for another come-back. If Herman succeeds in getting a match with Buff and should win, he will go down in ring history as having set a record surpassing that of any other champion since modern ring history began.

Leo Flynn, who handles more first-class boxers than any manager in this country, has been trying hard to land a fight for Bill Brennan. Leo has not given up hopes of having Brennan meet Dempsey. He figures that a Brennan-Dempsey card would draw far more than a Dempsey-Wills contest, but that is open to argument.

Frisco will be the home of the next welterweight champion unless Benny Leonard and Jack Britton get together. That much was indicated in the recent Shade-Britton bout in which Leo Flynn's Coast battler put up a remarkable performance against the veteran champion. A draw verdict for Shade was the equivalent to a victory, despite the fact that the title did not change hands. Shade earned the praise of the boxing world and well did he deserve it.

Charley Harvey, who has a fine string of English and American boxers under his wing, is having considerable difficulty landing a match for any of his stars in Madison Square Garden. There are at least three members of the Harvey stable who deserve to be placed on one of the Garden cards.

The above paragraph may be extended to include a general statement that in New York, at least, home managers are not treated as well as in other cities where boxing is permitted. In New York City, America's centre of fistiana, boys coming from western cities without any reputation invariably are given preference over home talent managed by men who have done considerably to keep boxing alive in the Empire State during periods when the game was hanging in the balance. THE RING deems this state of affairs an injustice and hopes for an early remedy, for there are many other managers in the same predicament as is Charley Harvey.

Paddy Mullins, manager of former world's champion Mike O'Dowd, expects within the year to have another world's title holder parading around the stable. Paddy is the most confident fellow in the world regarding the ability of Harry Wills to whip Jack Dempsey in the event they meet in a championship bout. And incidentally we might remark that, regardless of any statements to the contrary, this battle will take place and will be staged here in the East within the next few months, possibly at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

Mike O'Dowd has been resting for several months but hopes soon to get under way again.

Terry McHugh, Al Lippe's bantamweight, is on the trail of Johnny Buff. According to one of the Philadelphia papers, Lippe remarked a few days ago that he would guarantee Buff $15,000 for a fight to a decision with McHugh, and when Lippe was queried on this point he remarked:

"No, that's wrong. I have offered Lew Diamond $35,000 the moment Buff steps into a ring with Terry, but as yet Diamond has not given me any action."

Billy Gibson, manager of Benny Leonard, world's lightweight champion, before leaving for New Orleans, where Benny beat Pal Moran on February 25th, remarked:

"I have one champion now and soon will have a second. In another six months there won't be a bantam in the country who will be able to stand up before Frankie Jerome. That youngster has the makings of a great boxer, and just as soon as he learns a few of the finer points of the game and how to defend his body properly, he'll be a wonder. Just mark my words."

For Billy's sake we hope his prediction comes true, for Gibson is one of the finest gentlemen in the boxing game. More of his type would do the sport heaps of good.

Wilmington Jack Daley, who was one of the top notchers around the east twenty years ago, is an employee at Madison Square Garden and looks to be in perfect health. Jack was a stoker on one of the big liners for several years after he retired.

Joe Lynch, former bantam champion, is fighting better now than ever in his career, and if he gets another chance at the bantam title or at Midget Smith, the contest is sure to a cockle-of-the-heart affair with standing room at a premium.

Jimmy Johnston, who during his many years in the fistic game has gained fame as the manager of American and foreign boxers, is of the opinion that his newly-discovered crop of heavyweights, obtained through a novel ad inserted in a New York paper, will be world beaters in another year. James thinks of Johns. He declares Johns is a wonderfully powerful hitter, is strong and can take punishment, and with a little ring craft should be able to whip the best in the field. Of Feintuch, another of Johnston's new heavies, Jimmy remarks:

"He is a clever light-heavyweight and will be another Jim Corbett within a year."

Not eager to give some of his boys a boost without at least mentioning the other heavies from the "Awkward Brigade," Jimmy goes on as follows:

"Michael Collins, although beaten in his first start, which means nothing, will surely be heard from before long Bob Brewster, the ball player pugilist who was with the St. Louis Cardinals last year, is another who ere a twelfth month has gone will have his name enrolled where the present crop of heavies will look at and think."

Well, Jimmy, here's wishing you and your boys luck. It might be worth while to invest in at least half a dozen rabbits' feet.

Andy Chaney, strong contender for the featherweight title, is matched to meet K. O. Mars in Cincinnati, Ohio, the last week in March.

Andy was laid up for a month with a bad attack of pleurisy, but is entirely recovered.

Chaney would like to fight Dundee for the featherweight title or the junior lightweight title. "How about it, John?" asks Scotty Montieth.

Jimmy Rothwell, brother of Young Corbett, is one of the best little hustlers in the boxing game. Jimmy is here, there and everywhere. Although Jimmy and Dave Brown have a fine stable of boxers, including Sid Marks, who lays claim to the lightweight championship of Canada, and Leonard Young, who claims the featherweight title across the border, they are on the trail of new talent all the time. Both Rothwell and Brown are paying particular attention to the raw novices who are to be seen at any of the New York gymnasiums, working daily with their more experienced brethren.

Jimmy Deforest, world-famous handler of fighters, trainer and conditioner of men, the expert who shaped Jack Dempsey for his battle with Jess Willard, has opened his Allentown gymnasium. The famous New Jersey gym is the rendezvous of a horde of boxers who are in need of high-class coaching, for in that line Jimmy stands almost by himself. Prof. Deforest is eager to have light-heavyweights and heavyweights of promise report to him for a try-out. If there is anything in a boxer in the way of championship or near championship calibre, leave it to Jimmy to discover it.

Jimmy Kelly, former Mayor of the Lower East Side of New York City, has gone to the rescue of the Rink A. C. of Brooklyn, N. Y. Jimmy has signed as matchmaker and since taking the helm he has given the fans two splendid shows.

Between handling a club and directing a high-class restaurant, Jimmy is a busy fellow these days. Kelly has opened a restaurant called the Allegria, and those who are desirous of obtaining a high-class spaghetti dinner when in New York City need not hesitate to pay Jimmy's place a visit.

Gene Delmont is the type of fighter no promoter need hesitate about signing.

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Delmont fought in France, Belgium and Germany—for $30.00 per month.

Delmont boxed in France, Belgium, Germany, Luxembourg and Italy—for nothing.

That's Gene Delmont's record when Uncle Sam needed fighters.

Here's Gene Delmont's record while battling along professional lines: Bennie Leonard, Johnnie Kilbane, K. O. George Chaney, Rocky Kansas, Ritchie Mitchell, Willie Jackson, Joe Tiplitz, K. O. Mars, Frankie Rice, Harvey Thorpe, Jack Lawler and Harry "Kid" Brown.

Both records look pretty good, don't you think?

Frankie Brown, the Philadelphia featherweight who boasts of a knockdown over Johnny Kilbane and a referee's decision over Young Andy Chaney, disputes Johnny Dundee's right to fight Kilbane for the title ahead of the rest of the field of feathers. Brown insists that his showing against the champion gives him the call over others.

Many persons in the gathering at the recent Gold-Tendler fight in Madison Square Garden hissed and booed Tendler and taunted him with calls of "What will Leonard do to you?" "Look out, there comes Benny," "You can't fight unless you foul," and other unnecessary remarks.

THE RING believes in fair treatment, and on behalf of true sportsmanship makes a plea to the public to treat a visiting boxer as New York fans would have their boys treated when engaging in a bout outside of their own city. We feel certain that the majority of fight fans agree with us in declaring there is no need for such remarks as greeted Tendler. There is a vast difference between partisan rooting and the apparent unjustified noisy expression of dissatisfaction which invariably greets such men as Willie Jackson and Lew Tendler.

Scheduled Boxing Tourneys Sanctioned by A. A. U.

MARCH

7—Kismet Temple, N. Y. City.
7-9—Union Settlement A. C., N. Y. City.
8-10—Brooklyn College (Brooklyn and Long Island Champions), Brooklyn, N. Y.
14-15—Met. Championships, Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City.
16-18—New York A. C., N. Y. City.
20—Metropolis Club, N. Y. City.
22-24—Pastime A. C., N. Y. City.
23—City Athletic Club, N. Y. City.
25-27—N. J. State Championships, Newark, N. J.
28-30—Glencoe A. C., New York City.

APRIL

5-7—Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, N. Y.
17-18—National Championship of the A. A. U., Boston, Mass.

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THE RING, in its effort to please and be constructive instead of destructive, welcomes suggestions from its readers. If you have an idea that you think merits consideration for the good of boxing, wrestling or billiards, tell it to the Editor of THE RING. He will gladly place your suggestion before the public if in his opinion it is worthy of consideration.

Results of Bouts

FEBRUARY

2—Wilkesbarre:
Marty Cross beat Frankie Venchol, 10 rds.
Frankie Farmer beat Billy Bevan, 10 rds.

2—Jersey City (Arena A. C.):
Billy Moore beat Harley Hutchinson, 12 rds.
Chick Rogers knocked out Neil Tucker, 1 rd.
Tommy Burle beat Jack Barry, 4 rds.
Joe Green beat Young McVay, 4 rds.
Young Dundee beat Skelly Lewis, 4 rds.

2—Boston:
Tom Gibbons beat Pat McCarthy, 4th rd. Referee stopped bout.

2—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Young Reilly beat Wally Hinkle, 10 rds.
Billy Moyle and Kid Hollywood, draw, 8 rds.

2—Scranton, Pa.:
Manuel Brocco beat Sammy Berne, 10 rds.

2—Newark (Broad A. C.):
Sailor Friedman beat Benny Cohen, 12 rds.

2—Reading, Pa.:
Kid Sunn knocked out Willie Fuller, 6 rds.
Bobby Burke beat Mickey Morris, 8 rds.
Jack Moore beat Johnny Mayor, 8 rds.

2—Philadelphia:
Joe Libbey knocked out Coleman Beebob, 4 rds.
Battling Frisco beat Harry Netter, 6 rds.
Spike Boyer knocked out Sailor Miller, 1 rd.
Buster Hall knocked out Eddie Ross, 2 rds.
Joe Bird knocked out Jack Temple, 3 rds.

2—Johnson City, N. Y.:
Red Cap Wilson beat Johnny Sheppard.

2—La Salle:
Goats Doig beat Jack Duffy, 10 rds.
Kid Cotton and Sammy Wade, no contest.

2—Omaha:
Morris Shlaifer and Frankie Murphy, draw, 10 rds.
Frankie Welsh beat Gus Bloomberg, 10 rds.

2—Los Angeles:
Johnny Burns and Dynamite George, draw, 4 rds.
Joe Lynch beat Bud Manning, 4 rds.
Sammy Compagno beat Angelo Silva, 4 rds.
Curley Finton beat George Gibbons, 4 rds.
Battling Larsen beat Scotty Diest, 4 rds.

Feb. 3—Mad. Square Garden:
Johnny Dundee beat Joe Benjamin, 15 rds.
Andy (Kid) Palmer knocked out Italian Joe Gans, 2 rds.
Sammy Nable beat Roy Moore, 8 rds.
Pete Latzo beat Jack Palmer, 8 rds.

3—Syracuse:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Mixer Mitchell, 12 rds.

3—Holyoke, Mass.:
Paul Clements beat Joe Gibbs, 10 rds.
Tommy Thompson knocked out Chick Garner, 6 rds.

3—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Barney Rivers beat Bobby Reimer, 10 rds.
Young Gardner beat Young Manty, 10 rds.

3—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Danny Gordon earned decision over Tommy Pugh, 10 rds.
Jimmy Monroe stopped Battling Mills, 3 rds.
Duke Stauk beat Sailor Matthews, 6 rds.
Kid Charles knocked out Young Corbett, 1 rd.

3—Philadelphia:
Willie Davis beat Walter Rennie, 8 rds.
Tommy Devlin beat Bernie Cinway, 8 rds.
Teddy McGovern and Pat Zeaney, draw, 6 rds.
Jimmy McGovern beat Jimmy McCann, 6 rds.
Ritchie King beat Tom Carlin, 6 rds.

3—Newark (Arena):
Jack Crawford outpointed Willie Nelson, 8 rds.
Young Joe Jeannette knocked out Al Russell, 5 rds.

3—Fall River, Mass.:
Irish Johnny Curtin knocked out Bobby Dyson, 1 rd.

3—Buffalo:
Bobby Michaels knocked out Teddy Myers, 2 rds.

3—Marion, Ohio:
Young Jeakle knocked out Joe Dillon, 2 rds.
Lou Palmer and Jack Conway, draw, 4 rds.

4—Commonwealth S. C., N. Y.:
Georgie Daly beat Murray Schwartz, 12 rds.
Nero Chink and Sailor Derden, draw, 12 rds.
Sailor Harry Gordon beat Young Dundee, 10 rds.

4—9th Reg. Armory:
Jack Marlowe beat Young Andy Ketchell, 12 rds.
Harvey Kelly beat Georgie Bush, 12 rds.
Young Wallace knocked out Jack O'Brien, 5 rds.

4—Philadelphia:
Phil Salvador beat Johnny Donnelly, 8 rds.
Joe Jackson beat Jimmy Gibbons, 6 rds.

4—Rink Sporting Club:
Vincent (Pepper) Martin knocked out Sid Bernard, 1 rd.
Andy Thomas knocked out Eddie Clifford, 1 rd.
Pat Mularkey beat Pat Bulger, 10 rds.
Joe Bernstein beat Harry Lewis, 6 rds.

4—Ridgewood Grove S. C.:
Mike Carrier knocked out Andy O'Boyle, 3 rds.
Willie Danney and K. O. Joe Daly, draw, 12 rds.
Willie Allen beat Jerry Clifford, 6 rds.
Patsy Mulligan knocked out Joe Martin, 1 rd.

4—Paris:
Eugene Criqui knocked out Charlie Ledoux, 1 rd.

4—Philadelphia:
Jimmy Jordon beat Mike Kearns, 8 rds.

6—Star Sporting Club:
Willie Fentour knocked out Nick Scanlon, 8 rds.
Moe Herskowitz knocked out Jimmy Kelly, 1 rd.
Young Hurley beat Willie Darcy, 4 rds.
Joe Brunnell beat Johnny Merrill, 6 rds.

6—Broadway Exh. Assn.:
Harvey Bright and Kid Sullivan, draw, 12 rds.
Billy Henry beat Sammy Harris, 12 rds.
Sammy Butts and Frankie Bell, 12 rds.

6—Indianapolis:
Chuck Wiggins beat Harry Crohn, 12 rds.

6—Phila. (Olympia A. A.):
Joe Tiplitz knocked out Ned Fitzgerald, 3 rds.
Harry McHugh beat Al Zeimer, 8 rds.
Joe Conn knocked out Mike Paulson, 3 rds.
Joe Ritchie knocked out Harry Kid Stewart, 2 rds.
Young Sherlock beat John Tully, 6 rds.

6—Baltimore:
Fay Kaiser knocked out Tim Kelly, 5 rds.
Jim Holland knocked out Joe Clancy, 1 rd.
Ed Burnbrook beat Willie Curry, 6 rds.
Bobby Cole beat Ray Mulligan, 6 rds.

6—Staten Island (Brighton Boxing Club):
Al Roberts knocked out Eddie Josephs, 3 rds.
Al Diamond beat Bill Rosenberg, 8 rds.

6—Montreal:
Artie Schick beat Joe Burns, 10 rds.

6—Toledo:
Dan Bowsher knocked out Ben Henry, 3 rds.

6—Memphis:
Bill Tait knocked out Battling Owens, 2 rds.

6—Pottsville, Pa.:
Jack McCarren beat Leo Leonard, 10 rds.
Johnny Cobb beat Young Langton, 8 rds.

6—Detroit:
Pat Walsh beat Pat Bishop, 10 rds.

6—Boston (Carlyle A. C.):
Soldier Frank beat Chick Miller, 10 rds.
Billy Carney beat Burt Schneider, 8 rds.

6—Buffalo:
Sid Barbarian beat Herman Smith, 10 rds.

6—Pittsburg (Motor Sg. Gard.):
Tommy Ryan beat Bricky Ryan, 10 rds.
Joe Laurie beat Mike Kearney, 6 rds.
Patsy Young beat Mart Woolslayer, 6 rds.
Cuddy De Marco beat Danny Canale, 6 rds.

6—Canton, Ohio:
Happy McHenry beat K. O. Circus, 10 rds.
Eddie Mullaney knocked out Dick Evans, 3 rds.
Neal Brogan beat Benny Lewes, 10 rds.

6—New Bedford, Mass.:
Billy Hague knocked out Jimmy Grande, 9 rds.

7—Pioneer Sporting S. C.:
Sailor Maxted knocked out Tarzan Larkin, 1 rd.
Mike Burke knocked out Tommy Billiard, 5 rds.
Pat McAnenney knocked out Joe Brocco, 2 rds.
Walter Donovan beat Harry Lewis, 6 rds.
Jackie McCoy beat Joey Kole, 4 rds.

7—Seattle, Wash.:
Gordon McKay beat Johnny Wolgast, 4 rds.

7—Philadelphia (Ice Palace):
Johnny Mealey beat Jimmy Hanlon, 8 rds.
Tommy Loughrin beat Fay Keiser, 8 rds.
Kid Wagner beat Roche Rogers, 6 rds.
Jimmy Mendo beat Ritchie King, 8 rds.
Ty Cobb beat Babe Ruth, 6 rds.

7—Portland, Ore.:
Joe Welling knocked out Eddie Pinkman, 3 rds.

7—Reading, Pa.:
Young Leonard beat Young Ketchel, 8 rds.
Pedro Campo beat Snakie Fisher, 8 rds.
Dennie Grieves knocked out Johnny O'Donnel, 4 rds.

7—Youngstown, Ohio:
Louis Deargo beat Dutch Carney, 10 rds.

7—Tamaqua, Pa.:
Tommy Golden beat Johnny Herman, 10 rds.

8—Columbus, Ohio:
Eddie O'Dowd beat Bobby Dyson, 12 rds.
Tut Jackson knocked out Jack Robison, 1 rd.

8—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Billy Pimpus won from Terry Hanlon, 2 rds., on foul.
Jackie Babel beat Mickey Conners, 8 rds.
Bobby Burns and Buddy Daly, draw, 8 rds.
Battling Dundee beat Denny Westow, 8 rds.
Sammy Robinson knocked out Ray Green, 1 rd.

8—McKesport, Pa.:
Freddy Lux beat Young Roscoe, 10 rds.
Johnny Ward beat John Kng, 6 rds.

8—New Orleans:
Eddie Palmer knocked out Battling Ferdie, 2 rds.
Kid Dixon beat Babe Gorilla, 10 rds.

9—Jersey City (Arena A. C.):
Tarzan Larkin knocked out Carl Danner, 3 rds.
Lew Atkinson beat Jack Kelly, 5 rds., referee stopped the bout.

9—Baltimore:
Mickey Russell and Jimmy Tendler, draw, 6 rds.
Young Kelly and Young Buck Taylor, 3 rds., draw.
Al Leonard beat Bobby Allen, 3 rds.

9—Philadelphia (Girard A. C.):
Johnny Gardner beat Preston Brown, 8 rds.

9—N. Y. (102nd Rgt. Armory):
John Tully knocked out Barney Williams, 7 rds.
Tommy Baker beat Midget Sully, 10 rds.

9—Yonkers (Columbus Sporting Club):
Freddy Jacks beat Willie Davis, 12 rds.
Tommy Milton beat Bobby Boland, 10 rds.

9—Lowell, Mass.:
Bolly Murphy beat Mickey Travers, 10 rds.

9—Charleston, W. Va.:
Mike Kearney beat Joe De Marco, 10 rds.

9—Philadelphia:
John Gardner beat Preston Brown, 8 rds.

9—Scranton, Pa.:
Ralph Schappert knocked out Lew Baker, 5 rds.
Chick Kansas beat Jackie Jones, 8 rds.
Battling Barry beat Willie Allen, 8 rds.

10—New York (Mad. Sq. Gard.):
Benny Leonard beat Rocky Kansas, 15 rds.
Harry (Kid) Brown beat Sam Mosberg, 8 rds.
Johnny Williams beat Lew Paluso, 8 rds.
Phil Logan beat Eddie Walsh, 8 rds.

10—Fort Worth, Tex.:
Carl Morris beat Jim Flynn, 10 rds.

10—Syracuse:
Bryan Downey and Young Fisher, draw, 15 rds.

10—Galveston, Tex.:
Tony Caponi beat Kid Coster, 10 rds.

10—Philadelphia:
Battling Murray knocked out Harry Mancel, 1 rd.
Bobby Wolgast beat Mickey Morris, 8 rds.
Benny Bass beat Joe Kelly, 6 rds.
Leo G. Flynn beat Joe Spencer, 6 rds.
Kid Goodman knocked out Young McDonald, 2 rds.

10—Boston:
Mickey Walker knocked out Johnny Griffith, 9 rds.
Eddie Mahoney beat Jimmy Sacco, 10 rds.

10—Fall River, Mass.:
Johnny Darcey beat Willie Gradwell, 10 rds.

10—Buffalo:
Terry McHugh beat Danny Brown, 10 rds.

10—St. Paul:
Jock Malone beat Tommy Robson in no decision bout, 10 rds.

10—Baker, Ore.:
Battling Lubbes beat Kid Sarp, 10 rds.
George Welch beat Al Watson, 6 rds.

11—Brooklyn (Rink S. C.):
Gene Tunney knocked out Jack Clifford, 6 rds.
Happy Mahoney beat Joe Werner, 10 rds.
Tommy Murray beat Young Skelly, 8 rds.
Jack Florio beat Battling De Vorne, 6 rds.

11—Commonwealth, S. C.:
Harry London beat Maxey Williamson, 12 rds.
Tony Lyons knocked out Al Lippe, 4 rds.
Manny Wexler knocked out Johnny Inhouse, 4 rds.

11—Erie, Pa.:
Ernie Hahn knocked out Johnny Dwyer, 8 rds.

11—New Orleans:
Chuck Wiggins and Happy Howard, draw, 15 rds.
Pat Burke knocked out Sailor Mayo, 1 rd.
Kid Lewis beat Eddie O'Hara, 4 rds.

11—Philadelphia:
Joey Gans beat Kid Crutchfield, 10 rds.

11—Phila. (National A. A.):
Mickey Donley knocked out Joe Conn, 2 rds.
Joe Reno beat John Lundy, 8 rds.
Darby Casper and Joe Welch, draw, 2 rds. Casper injured arm.
Young Sherlock and Harry Burke, draw, 6 rds.
Freddy Barnes knocked out Johnny Royce, 2 rds.

11—Ridgewood Sporting Club:
Happy Gorman and Sonny Smith, draw, 1 rd.
Joey Leon beat Billy Rickoff, 12 rds.
Mortimer Seligman beat Jack Elliott, 8 rds.
Frankie Curley beat Mickie MacQuigan, 8 rds.

11—Ninth Regt. Armory:
Bobby Doyle beat Mickey Black, 12 rds.

11—47th Regt. Armory:
Paul Pierson knocked out Young Oysters, 1rd.

12—San Francisco:
Ad Rubidoux and Dynamite Murphy, draw, 6 rds.
Chick Roach beat Bud Soules, 6 rds.
Bobby Ertle and Sailor Kremer, draw, 3 rds.
Ralph Lincoln beat Baby Blue, 3 rds.
Jimmy Marcus beat Frankie Oldrich, 3 rds.
Frankie Nelson beat Norton Davis, 3 rds.
Young Sumner beat Jack Price, 3 rds.

13—Montreal:
Eugene Brosseau knocked out Steve Choynski, 1 rd.

13—Trenton:
Kid Harvey beat Lew Paluso, 10 rds.
Young Ketchel and Kid Emmons, draw, 8 rds.
Terry Brooks beat Young Jack Sweetman, 6 rds.
Sam Fulton knocked out Jimmy Willard, 5 rds.

13—Baltimore:
Joe Dundee beat Tommy Cleary, 12 rds.
Eddie Burnbrook beat Johnny Viggi, 3 rds, latter quit.

13—Boston:
Chick Suggs knocked out Dutch Reagan, 8 rds.
Jimmy Amato beat Walter Butler, 10 rds.

13—Bridgeport:
Jack Delaney beat Louis Bogash, 15 rds.

13—Philadelphia:
Danny Kramer beat Bobby Burman, 8 rds.
Patsy Wallace beat Johnny Brown, 8 rds.
Frankie Conway beat Joe Nelson, 6 rds.
Little Jeff beat Young Hank McGovern, 6 rds.
Kid Wolfe beat Battling Murray, 6 rds.

13—Broadway Exh. Assn.:
Joe Tiplitz knocked out Freddy Reese, 4 rds.
Charley Kid Kohler and Harry Martin, draw, 10 rds.

13—Brighton Boxing Club:
Jay Lanahan and Sammy Good, draw, 12 rds.
Young Angelo beat Kid Baker, 8 rds.
Andy Davis knocked out Mickey Farrell, 8 rds.

13—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Jim Montgomery and Sergeant Ray Smith, Smith won, 10 rds.
Indian Russell knocked out Jimmy Sweeney, 1 rd.

13—New Bedford, Mass.:
Bobby Josephs beat Harry Mitchell, 10 rds.

13—Troy:
Young Laurette beat Walter Mohr, 10 rds.

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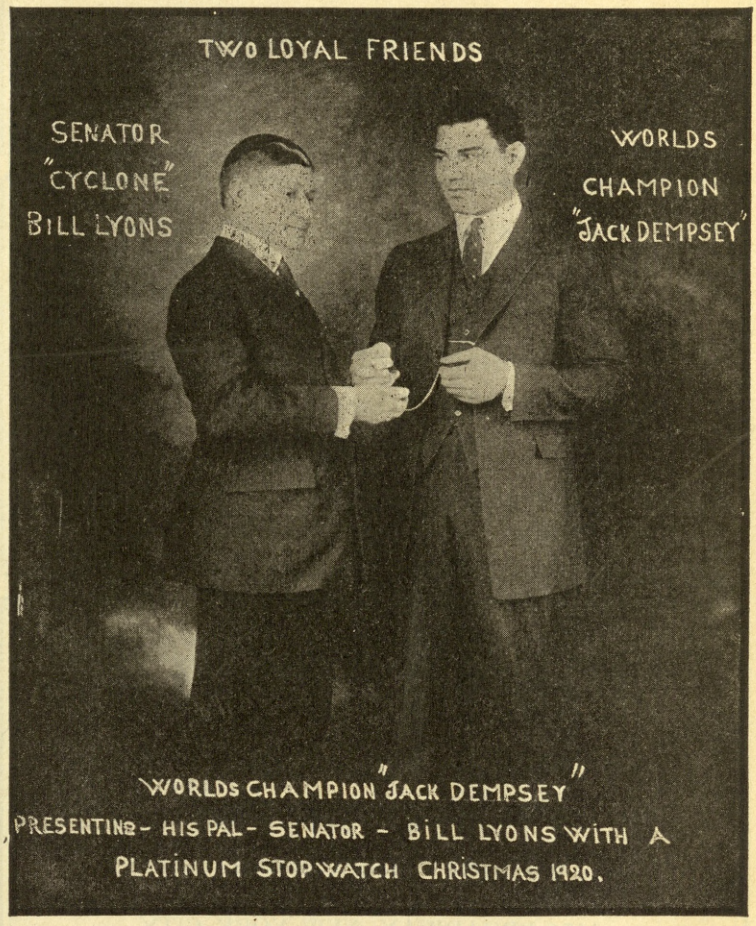

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13—New Orleans:
Martin Burke beat Young Bob Fitzsimmons, 15 rds.

13—Pittsburgh:
Ray Pryel beat Jack Perry, 10 rds.

13—Cincinnati:
Billy Ryan beat Johnny Tillman, 8 rds.
Frankie Bowinkle beat Jack Darcy, 8 rds.

13—Youngstown, Ohio:
Tony Zill knocked out Eddie Atlas, 5 rds.
Dick Evans beat Eddie Mullaney, 10 rds.
Johnny McCoy beat Scotty Reaburn, 10 rds.
Rabbit Devore and Shifty Dando, draw, 6 rds.

13—Lorain, Ohio:
Danny Frush knocked out Kayo Circus, 9 rds.
Young Kivi best Eddie Smith, 10 rds.
Ritchie Colbert beat Art Strawhacker, 8 rds.
Kid Dudley beat Kid Vic, 6 rds.

14—Pioneer S. C.:
Wolf Larsen knocked out Mickey Collins, 2 rds.
Joe McCann stopped Pat Malarkey, 1 rd.
Pat McNaney beat Kid Henry, 10 rds.
Willie Crystal beat Johnny Marto, 8 rds.

14—Philadelphia, O.:
Gene Tunney beat Whitley Wenzel, 4 rds.
Billy Devine and Joe O'Donnell, draw, 8 rds.
Ray O'Malley beat Billy Parker, 6 rds.
Al Gordon and Owen O'Malley, draw, 6 rds.
Battling Leonard beat Battling Mack, 6 rds.

14—Star Sporting Club:
Earl Baird and Jimmy Cooney, draw, 12 rds.
Sammy Stone beat Mickey Brown, 12 rds.
Jack Hausner knocked out Bobby Wallace, 1 rd.

14—Jersey City (Arena):
Terry Mitchel disqualified in bout with Joe Sklenar, 4 rds.
Paul Albert beat Chick Rogers, 8 rds.

14—Orange, N. J.:
Sailor Martin beat Jack Herman, 8 rds.

14—Yorke, Pa.:
Herman Miller beat Jack McCarren, 10 rds.
Little Jeff beat Eddie Lenny, 10 rds.

15—Atlantic City:
Martin Judge beat Walter Nelson, 12 rds.
Johnny Krouse and Tommy Devlin, draw, 8 rds.
Willie Clark knocked out Young Terry, 3 rds.

15—Newark (Broad A. C.):
Marty Cross beat Johnny Nichols, 10 rds.
Joe Forigone knocked out Young McFarland, 4 rds.
Charlie Tiano knocked out Irish Conway, 1 rd.
Tommy Spano beat Jack Rappoport, 8 rds.

15—Shenandoah, Pa.:
George Weyman and Bobby Williams, draw, 8 rds.
Young Cooney beat Clem Patrick, 8 rds.
Duke Stank knocked out Young Lewis, 1 rd.
Young Sweeney and Kid Stank, draw, 4 rds.

15—Providence, R. I.:
Kid Williams and Terry Martin, draw, 12 rds.
Eddie Parker beat Tommy Brown, 10 rds.

15—Lowell, Mass.:
Johnny Brown beat Mike Castle, 10 rds.

16—San Francisco:
Jack Green beat Frankie Kane, 6 rds.
Sid Martin beat Eddie Landewig, 6 rds.
Ray McGinn beat Patsy Wallace, 6 rds.
Young Beezer knocked out Jimmy Stanton, 2 rds.
Kid Kay knocked out Albert Maderios, 1 rd.
Kid Allen and Johnny Ertle, draw, 3 rds.
Earl Kelly and Jimmy Medrano, draw, 3 rds.
Albert de Andrade beat Mickey Rich, 3 rds.

16—Pittsburgh:
Eddie Weygandt beat Eddie Pinchot, 10 rds.
Harry Haggerty beat Lew Bodell, 6 rds.
Pat Gallagher and Ray Smith, draw, 6 rds.
Jess Hoak knocked out Private Kennedy, 4 rds.

17—Mad. Square Garden:
Jack Britton and Dave Shade, draw, 15 rds.
Andy Palmer beat Jimmy O'Gatty, 8 rds.
Vincent (Pepper) Martin beat Tommy Noble, 8 rds.
Eddie Fitzsimmons beat Jimmy Hanlon, 8 rds.

17—Providence:
Johnny Dundee beat Johnny Darcy, 10 rds.

17—Brighton, Eng.:
Ted (Kid) Lewis knocked out Tom Gummer, 1 rd.

17—Philadelphia:
Willie Green beat Bobby McCann, 8 rds.

17—Shenandoah, Pa.:
Tiny Trinkle beat Frankie Murray, 8 rds.
Sammy Trinkle and Tommy Devlin, draw, 8 rds.
Young MacDonald knocked out Eddie Kelly, 3 rds.
Kid Charles beat Young Bush, 6 rds.

17—Holyoke, Mass.:
Bobbie Keene knocked out Frankie Maxwell, 4 rds.

17—Buffalo:
Terry McHugh beat George Spencer, 10 rds.

17—Augusta, Me.:
Willie Harmon knocked out Tommy Jordan, 2 rds.
Young Bova beat Young Monty, 6 rds.

17—New Orleans:
Young Abe Attell and Young McGovern, draw, 15 rds.

17—Tulsa:
Jack Lawler beat Gene Delmont, 10 rds.

17—Fostoria, Ohio:
K. O. Jeakle Bradner knocked out K. O. Circus, 3 rds.

18—New York, Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Sammy Nable beat Terry Miller, 12 rds.
Eddie Crozier beat Sid Marks, 12 rds.
Ben Ponteau knocked out Jack McVey, 7 rds.

18—Brooklyn, Rink Sporting Club:
Pete Hartley beat Bert Spencer, 12 rds.
Andy Thomas beat Ray West, 12 rds.
Clem Johnson beat Buddy Jackson, 12 rds.

18—New York, Ninth Regiment Armory:
Jimmy Mack beat Buddy Wallace, 12 rds.
Johnny (Kid) Holmes beat George Bush, 12 rds.

18—Brooklyn, 47th Regiment Armory:
Pete Hayes knocked out Mickey Ross, 1 rd.
Johnny Griffin beat Joe Smith, 12 rds.

18—Brooklyn, Ridgewood Grove S. C.:
Sailor Joe Kelly beat Joe Conn, 12 rds.
Roy McFarland and Danny Ross, draw, 12 rds.
Frank Sweeney beat Danny Maher, 6 rds.
Willie O'Connell beat Willie Gilligan, 6 rds.

18—National A. C., Phila.:
Joe Tiplitz and Phil Salvadore, draw, 8 rds.
John Mendo beat Jack Perry, 6 rds.
Danny Rogers beat Stockyard Johnny Rose, 6 rds.
Earl Hartman beat Young Sherlock, 6 rds.
Bobby Allen beat Frankie Julian, 6 rds.

20—New York, Madison Square Garden:
Charlie White beat Willie Jackson, 15 rds.
Dave Rosenberg beat Augie Ratner, 8 rds.
Carl Tremaine knocked out Harold Farese, 3 rds.
Frankie Jerome beat Willie Spencer, 8 rds.

20—Boston:
Mike Morley beat Jimmy Amato, 10 rds.

20—Brooklyn, Broadway Exh. Ass'n:
Nick Foley knocked out Willie Burke, 7 rds.
Happy Mahoney beat Frank Berry, 6 rds.
Johnny Gray beat Harry Mulcahy, 10 rds.

20—Olympia A. A., Phila.:
Capt. Bob Roper fouled Billy Miske, 6th rd.
Jimmy Sacco beat Bobby McCann, 8 rds.
Ad Stone beat Sam LaSalle, 6 rds.
Joe Ritchie and Frankie McFarlan, draw, 6 rds.
Willie O'Connell beat Matty Dechter, 6 rds.

20—Cincinnati:
Harry Greb and Jeff Smith, draw, 10 rds.

20—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Mike Howell knocked out Kid Beck, 6 rds.
Ritchie King beat Jack Crawford, 8 rds.
Micky Morris beat Jimmy Baxter, 6 rds.
Artie Stinger beat Kid Herman, 6 rds.
Young Peter Jackson beat Bobby Robideau, 1 rd; referee stopped fight.

20—New Orleans:
Pete Herman knocked out Babe Asher, 7 rds.

20—4th Regt. Armory, Jersey City:
Georgie Ward beat Charley Pitts, 12 rds.
Larry Ryan knocked out Young Raymond, 8 rds.

20—Troy:
Willie Loughlin beat Ralph Shappert, 12 rds.
Leonard Youngs beat Tommy Conroy, 10 rds.

20—Brighton Boxing Club, S. I.:
Tommy McAleer beat Mike Carrier, 12 rds.
Joe Lewis beat Gene Smith, 8 rds.
Willis Nelson beat Joe Cole, 8 rds.

20—Galveston, Tex.:
Marty Burke beat Harry Krohn, 12 rds.

20—Boston:
Dennis O'Keefe beat Harry Silva, 10 rds.

20—Biddeford, Me.:
Dusty Dumont and Billy Wood, draw, 12 rds.

20—Zanesville, O.:
Pat Walsh beat Johnny Karr, 12 rds.

21—Troy:
Young Johnny Griffin knocked out Sid Bukler, 6 rds.
Leonard Young beat Tommy Conway, 10 rds.

21—Burkburnett, Tex.:
Jim Flynn and Abe Brennan, draw, 10 rds.

21—St. Louis:
Pee Wee Kaiser knocked out Al Walker, 6 rds.

22—New York, Pioneer A. C.:
Mike McTigue beat Young Fisher, 15 rds.
Jack Redmond won on foul from Oakey Keyes, 3 rds.
Charley Triano and Joe Clifford, draw, 8 rds.
Milton Weiss beat Charley Pickett, 6 rds.

22—Providence:
Jack Perry beat K. O. Loughlin, 12 rds.
Joe Dillon won on a foul from Young Dempsey, 4 rds.
Ted Russell knocked out K. O. Palmer, 4 rds.

22—Canton, Ohio:
Bryan Downey beat Frank Carbone, 12 rds.

22—Elizabeth, N. J.:
Larry Regan beat Billy Baxter, 8 rds.

22—Lowell, Mass.:
Cleveland Johnny Downes beat Johnny Avila, 10 rds.

22—Worcester, Mass.:
Ray Chapman beat Mike Castle, 10 rds.

22—New Bedford, Mass.:
Billy Hayes beat Fighting Dick Nelson, 5 rds., referee disqualifying Nelson for stalling.

23—Philadelphia:
George Chaney beat Alex Hart, 8 rds.
Johnny Mealey beat Whitey Fitzgerald, 8 rds.
Phil Kaplan and Wally Hinckle, draw, 8 rds.
Frankie Rice knocked out Kid Herman, 4 rds.
Jack Brady beat Cobbler Gilligan, 6 rds.

23—Yonkers, Columbus, S. C.:
Jack Bernstein beat Jimmy Cooney, 12 rds.
Artie Bird beat, Al Diamond, 10 rds.

23—New York, 102d Medical Regt.:
Tony Marto beat Mexican Slocum, 10 rds.
Charles Pickett beat Harvey Kelly, 10 rds.

23—Arena A. C., Jersey City:
Irish Chick Rogers and Lew Snyder, draw, 12 rds.
Jack Smith, knocked out Lew Ackerson, 4 rds.

24—New York, Madison Square Garden:
Lew Tendler knocked out Hymie Gold, 8 rds.
Babe Herman beat Billy DeFoe, 12 rds.

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Clonie Tair beat Johnny Murray, 8 rds.
Jimmy Darcey beat Andy Palmer, 8 rds.

24—El Dorado, Ark.:
Joe Lynch knocked out Frankie Murray, 5 rds.

24—Scranton, Pa.:
Johnny Dundee and Jimmy Hanlon, bout stopped in sixth round, referee claimed the men were not trying.
Harold Farese beat Danny Brown, 12 rds.
Joe Tiplitz beat George Erne, 10 rds.

24—New York, 15th Infantry Armory:
Danny Edwards beat Terry Martin, 12 rds.

24—Philadelphia:
Al Verbecken beat Joe Daly, 8 rds.
Johnny Hauber beat Tommy Devlin, 6 rds.

24—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Spencer Gardner beat Young Monty, 12 rds.

24—Chicopee, Mass.:
Jack Hausner beat Frankie (Young) Mack, 10 rds.

24—Buffalo:
Mike Conroy beat Whitey Allen, 5 rds.

24—Lewiston, Me.:
Kid Dube beat Johnny Walker, 12 rds.
Joe Stanley knocked out Kid Clark, 5 rds.

24—Toronto:
Jimmy Goodrich beat Freddy Jacks, 10 rds.

24—Fall River:
Young Montreal beat Marty Collins, 10 rds.

24—Providence:
Spencer Gardner beat Young Monty, 10 rds.

25—New Orleans, La.:
Benny Leonard beat Pal Moran, 10 rds.

25—New York, Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Barney Adair beat Moe Herscovitch, 12 rds.
Danny Lee beat Bud Dempsey, 10 rds.
Leo Reynolds beat Sailor Harry Gordon, 10 rds.

25—Brooklyn, Rink Sporting Club:
Kid Sullivan beat Sammy Seiger, 12 rds.
Sonny Smith beat Hilly Levigne, 12 rds.
Buck Josephs beat Willie Hausner, 12 rds.

25—New York, 9th Reg't Armory:
Pete Hayes knocked out Frankie Hartley, 1 rd.
Jimmy Foley beat Young Andy Ketchell, 12 rds.

25—Brooklyn, 47th Regt. Armory:
Sammy Kirsh knocked out Harry Lamar, 4 rds.
Barry Nugent knocked out Georgie Loew, 6 rds.
Sailor Joe Foster beat Young Kramer, 6 rds.

25—Brooklyn, Ridgewood Grove sporting Club:
Al Boyle and Lew Brody, draw, 12 rds.

25—Meriden, Conn.:
Kid Kaplan and Hughey Hutchinson, draw, 12 rds.

25—National A. A., Phila.:
Clonie Tait beat Mickey Donley, 8 rds.

WRESTLING RESULTS

FEBRUARY

6—Madison Square Garden:
Stanislaus Zbyszko beat Earl Caddock, Zbyszko gained first fall in 25 minutes; Caddock gained second fall in 10 minutes 30 seconds; Zbyszko gained third fall in 19 minutes 30 seconds.
Ed (Strangler) Lewis beat Renalso Guardini; won first fall in 40 minutes and 45 seconds, and second fall in 7 minutes.
Vladek Zbyszko and Nat Pendleton wrestled twenty minutes without fall.
Laurent Gertsman and John Grandevitch wrestled twenty minutes without a fall.

6—Columbus, Ohio:
Jim Londos and George Kotsonaros wrestled twelve rds. with one minute intermission under the White system, and referee awarded Londos the decison.

7—Springfield, Mass.:
Stanislaus Zbyszko defeated John Olin in straight falls; first fall in 35 minutes; second fall in 10 minutes 40 seconds.

11—Cleveland:
Marin Plestina threw John Soeff, thirty-one minutes.
Charlie Fox threw Jack Olsen, twenty minutes.
Yound Maddock threw Cyclone Burns, forty-four minutes.
Joe Fisher and Young Bill draw, forty-four minutes.

11—Philadelphia:
Elnor Johnson threw Joe Olsen, fourteen minutes.

14—Chicago:
Marin Plestina defeated John Freberg, 8 rds. wrestling. The men wrestled for seventy-three minutes and forty-four seconds when Plestina won with a wrist lock.

16—Los Angeles:
Constantine Romonoff defeated Jack McDonald, 61 min.

17—Portland, Ore.:
Padante Singh beat Eddie Richards, 2 rds.

17—St. Louis:
Stanislaus Zbyszko threw François Lemarture, 14 min. 52 sec.
Stanislaus Zbyszko failed to throw Jim Londos, in 1 hour.

17—Chicago:
Johnny Meyers threw Peter James, in straight falls 1st in 21 min., 2nd in 7 min.

18—Springfield:
Joe Stecher beat Penato Gardini, in straight falls.
Herb Porter and Eugene Tremblay, draw, 30 min.

21—Portland, Ore.:
Oscar Butler defeated Ad Gustavo, in two out of three falls.

21—New York, Madison Square Garden:
Vladek Zbyszko beat Joe Stecher 2 falls out of 3. Zbyszko wins first fall in 29 min.; Stecher wins second fall 14 min.; Zbyszko wins third fall in 7 min.; Ed (Strangler) Lewis beat Cliff Brinkley, 2 straight falls.
John Olin and Dick Daviscourt, wrestled a draw, each getting a fall.

22—Chicago:
Stanislaus Zbyszko beat Armos Laitenen, 1 hour 33 min.

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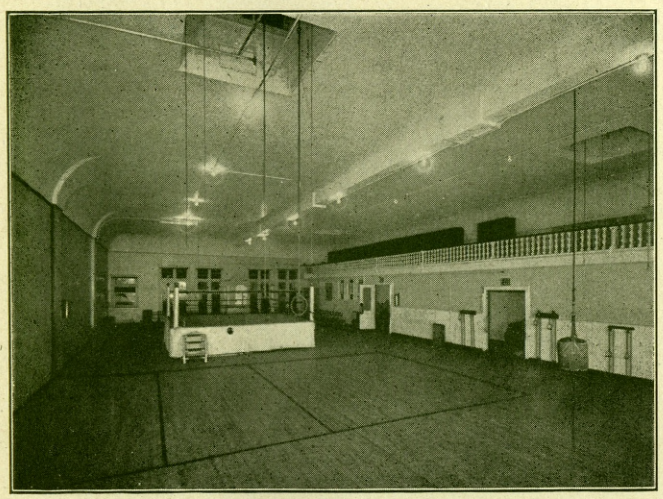

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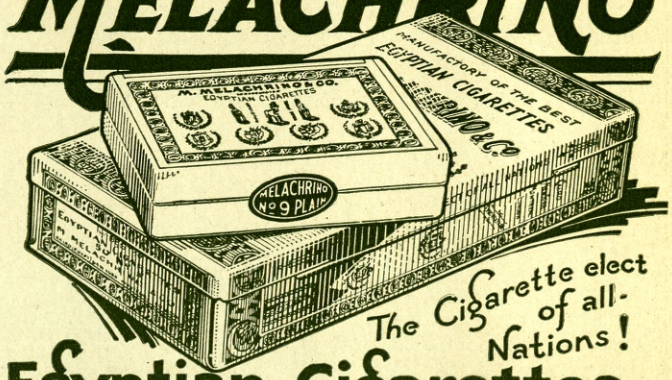

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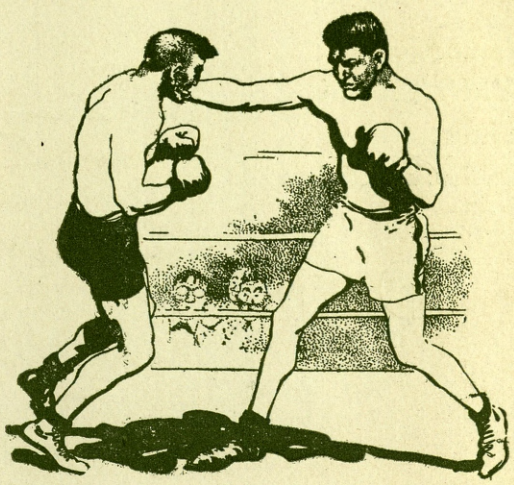

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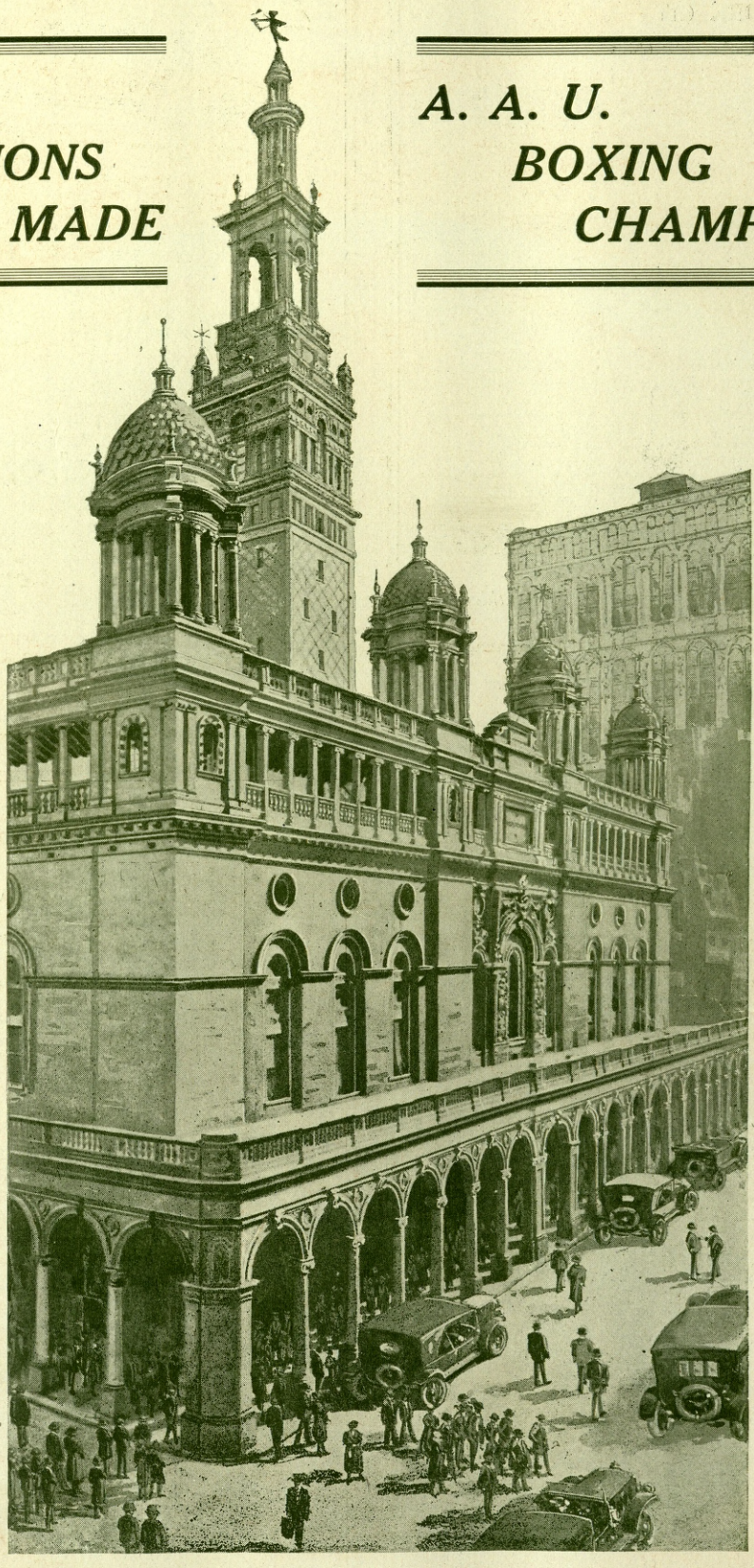

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